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CHRONICLE.

The Health of **N**EWS, no longer mere gossip, but official, the Czar. As to the Czar's health, grew worse as the week went on. It was stated that his intended journey to Corfu had been given up, and yesterday morning his disease was defined by some as being of the most malignant and hopeless character, failure of the heart's action being also feared.

The Corean War. THE tendency which we noticed last week to put a rather heavy discount on the Japanese accounts of successes accentuated itself later; but the almost entire absence of trustworthy intelligence from the actual seat of war still made things pretty much guesswork. The publication of the text, however, of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty showed that, if gratitude were a factor in politics—which it may, without cynicism, be pronounced not to be—the Japanese certainly ought not to entertain any of those designs against England which are attributed to them on rather good authority. M. OTORI, who has played in Corea something like the part usual, a few years ago, with Russian residents in the Balkan States, was said to have fallen out of favour, the Japanese Minister of the Interior having been sent to "strengthen his hands" by stepping into his shoes.

RUMOURS about the intentions of the Powers, especially England, were rife, but ill supported, and changed later into an assertion that a proposal of Lord ROSEBERY's for intervention, actual or conditional, had been snubbed by the Powers all round. This was met somewhat tardily by a circumstantial semi-official statement in the *Daily News* declaring that no snub had been received, that China had listened, that Japan had not turned a deaf ear, and that only a "minority" of the Powers disapproved. One might, perhaps, like to know what minority. Chinese rebellions and Chinese loans were spoken of with equal freedom by the quidnuncs. Still further reinforcements have been sent to the British fleet in the East in the shape of one first-class cruiser, the *Edgar*, and one second-class, the *Spartan*, both "new, " fast, and powerful vessels," as the advertisements have it. Perhaps the most instructive single item in the welter of contradictions about the actual war is that "Marshal YAMAGATA is waiting for his heavy "artillery" before attacking the Chinese positions. The main question appears to be whether the winter will also wait to suit the Marshal.

Elections. AFTER a considerable interval a little group of elections has come about. The nomination at Birkenhead (where some not very handsome tactics were resorted to by the Gladstonians) took place this day week, and the polling on Wednesday. The contest was a decidedly sharp one, the Unionist candidate, Mr. LEES, being newcomer, while the Gladstonian, Mr. LEVER, had strong local influence and had fought the seat before. It was, however, kept, Mr. LEES winning by a diminished, but sufficient, majority—6,140 to 6,043. The contest for Forfarshire in the room of Sir JOHN RIGBY was promptly arranged, the candidates being Mr. C. M. RAMSEY as the Unionist, and Mr. ROBSON, an imported carpet-bagger, as Separatist. The inability of Scotch Gladstonians to find local representatives thus continues. Sutherland is not yet provided with a candidate on either side, which shows bad electioneering, especially on the part of the Unionists, as they were unsuccessful last time, and therefore ought to have been ready. A fourth vacancy, though not necessarily a fourth contest, must be added by the appointment of the new Law Officer, whoever he is. Parliament, by the way, was further prorogued by proclamation in the *Gazette* of Tuesday to December 20.

Afghanistan. THE ordinary holiday greediness for news, and perhaps a rather extraordinary tendency to scares, which prevails at present, attracted considerable attention to the report which came on Tuesday morning that a special meeting of the VICEROY'S Council in India had been called, and the Commander-in-Chief's tour of inspection postponed, owing to grave news received of the AMER's health. We deal elsewhere with the outlook in this matter; the facts are not quite free from dispute. Meanwhile, fresh assertions of Russian intrusion on the Pamirs have arrived, with the addition that an actual brush with the Afghans occurred.

German Colonial Government. THE strange case of Herr LEIST, the German Governor of the Cameroons (who, as we noted here, was accused some time ago of conduct remarkably resembling in all respects that of a LEGEE on the great scale) came to a stranger end this week. Practically all the charges of flogging women, of hanging men, and of milder misconduct were admitted. Whereupon the Court acquitted Herr LEIST on most of the counts, and sentenced him on the rest to be removed to another post, and to have his salary cut down twenty per cent. This

somewhat confirms the notion that, while anything may be forgiven to an English official except "vigour," nothing will be punished in a German one where "vigour" has been shown.

Delagoa Bay. It has been said that the Portuguese authorities at Delagoa Bay have refused assistance from Cape Town and invited it from the Transvaal, which might mean a good deal of trouble. But news from the Cape on this subject is always rather suspicious, and news from the spot not very authoritative. H.M.S. *Thrush* might, however, have a consort with advantage. This is all the more necessary in that divers German ships have been ordered to the spot, and that the German Colonial party (which has always hankered after a Boer alliance) is using the most unfriendly language towards England. Fortunately the Germans have in this quarter absolutely no rights or even claims; but it is none the less necessary to support our own.

Politics in Norway and Belgium. THE Norwegian elections, besides their bearing on the Home Rule question between

Norway and Sweden, have had interest as showing a curious, though not by any means unexampled, change in the complexion and local distribution of parties. For many years the Norwegian commercial and urban classes generally have been Conservative, the "country party" Radical; but now things, partly owing to the growth of Socialism in the towns, are turning the other way. In another small country—Belgium—elections have been taking place under the last Reform Bill, it was said at first with distinct Socialist success. Later, however, it became obvious (though the second ballots, which do not take place till to-morrow, may affect the situation to some extent) that the Socialist successes had been effected at the expense of the old Liberal party, and that the Catholics would in all probability be as strong as ever, if not stronger—a result less surprising to those who know Belgium than to those who do not. There is rumour of considerable bargaining between the Liberals and the Socialists, which may affect the result.

General Foreign and Colonial Affairs. THE week opened with abundant rumours about the CZAR's illness, an interview with that rather talkative, but distinctly intelligent, young King, ALEXANDER of Servia, and reassuring statements about the health of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN. Lord HARRIS, as Governor of Bombay, had spoken plain truths to certain Deccan municipalities as to "representation." They should behave themselves before they tried to "represent" others, said he, like a good cricketer and a sensible man. A considerable train robbery has amused the United States, where a lynching mob, to the delight doubtless of Miss FLORENCE BALGARNIE, was dispersed with a good deal of loss by the Militia, who had been summoned to protect the gaol. Mr. BAYARD, the American Ambassador here, has been making flattering observations on England, especially on the policeman at Hyde Park Corner, to an audience at Wilmington, Delaware. The unanimity of foreign admiration for the policeman at Hyde Park Corner is really touching, though slightly monotonous. It is said that the Administration of the Interior in Egypt is to be largely reformed, and put to a great extent under the direction of an English official. This is very good news for Egypt and the friends of Egypt; whether it will be regarded as good by Parisian journalists is a matter on which they will doubtless themselves express no uncertain sound. A very annoying thorn has been taken out of the sides of the Germans in South-West Africa by the surrender of HENDRIK WITBOOI, the powerful Hottentot chief, who has so long successfully resisted them.

Ireland. MR. MORLEY cut rather a poor figure last week in reference to an interference of his between Lord SLIGO and one of his tenants, it being pretty conclusively shown that the woman concerned had not been treated with any harshness whatever. Eight men were drowned this week in Bantry Bay by the upsetting or staving of what the papers call a "canvas canoe," but what was doubtless one of the large, but horribly flimsy, *currachs* or coracles used on the West coast of Ireland.

The Church Congress. THE last day of the Church Congress saw some exceedingly good papers read, perhaps the best of the meeting. With Professor GWATKIN to discuss the Roman Empire, the Bishop of COLOMBO Buddhism, Mr. W. B. RICHMOND Church Art, and Sir JOHN STAINER Church Music, there could be no lack of authority, and (in Mr. RICHMOND's case at least) no lack of liveliness.

Speeches. THE gradual increase of political talk chronicled last Saturday has continued this week. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was scarcely novel on the wickedness of the House of Lords, and Sir HENRY JAMES decidedly hackneyed on the relations of education and crime. As Sir HENRY "can testify" "from personal knowledge" to this connexion, it would be impolite to demur to it, but we cannot help feeling a little curiosity as to where the personal knowledge comes in. Has Sir HENRY a diary somewhere recording the gradual diminution of the criminal instincts in himself as he proceeded from *Musa* to *tupto* and from tare-and-tret to conic sections? Otherwise we do not quite understand, for mere statistics as to calendars at Sessions do not of necessity prove anything.

On Tuesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Durham, and partly continued, partly defended, his recent programme, offensive and defensive. We observe that Gladstonians have claimed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as promising to vote for Welsh Disestablishment. They omitted, according to their custom, to mention that he declared at the same time for compensation as full at least as that given to the Irish Church—a condition which would make Mr. GEE, Mr. GEORGE, and the rest of the pack simply furious. Meanwhile, Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, the chief Government Whip, was making a speech at Bala, which, if it meant anything, meant Home Rule and prairie value for Wales. This is odd language for a Whip. But Lord ROSEBURY, perhaps, cares for none of these things.

Appointments. SIR ROBERT HAMILTON, who, since his conversion to Home Rule some years ago, has been rather peripatetic, has received a solid reward in the shape of the Chairmanship of the Customs, one of the best posts in the permanent Civil Service. Mr. HAMILTON CUFFE has succeeded Sir A. K. STEPHENSON in the rather coveted office of Solicitor to the Treasury and the extremely well-abused post of Public Prosecutor.

Anglican Orders. THE dispute as to the validity of Anglican Orders has gone on, with a vigour and voluminousness equally surprising, perhaps, to those who take no interest in the subject and to those who know something about it. We may make one small contribution ourselves. The denial of the validity is almost indispensable, and is, at any rate, an enormous assistance to the proselytizing work of what the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY (to its great annoyance) has happily called "the Italian mission in England." Assertion in that sense, therefore, is, on the principle of *Cui bono*, to say the least, suspicious. On the other hand, the admission (which is notorious) of the validity by Roman theologians of orthodoxy and learning is, in the same circumstances, one of the strongest pieces of

evidence possible. We supply this argument, of course, only for the use of the layman. As for the expert, few, we think, who have impartially examined it have ever felt a doubt on the subject.

The Empire Theatre. THE directors of the Empire have issued a moderately worded protest against the absurd and tyrannical behaviour of the Licensing Committee of the County Council. It is impossible to say whether that body at large will listen to it, but one thing is not only possible, but certain. No stronger argument than their refusal could be supplied to those who maintain that elected bodies in general, and the London County Council as hitherto elected in particular, are utterly unfit to be trusted with such functions as these.

Police. IT is a pity that police magistrates, who have great opportunities for clearing the public mind of cant—and who, to do them justice, often use them—should ever talk such clap-trap as Mr. LANE did the other day at the North London Court in describing elementary education as a certain boy's "birthright." If Mr. LANE merely meant that the youth in question was born after the present Education Acts came into force, the bare truth of his statement is of course undeniable, its importance less so. For in that case we must call the effects of all the statutes in force at the birth of any British infant his "birthright"; and it will be, in Mr. LANE's language, the birthright of every boy and every girl born during the present year to be hanged if they commit murder, and to pay double Death duties if they are fortunate or industrious enough to acquire a certain amount of riches. And their birthright in education, the gallows, and Sir WILLIAM HAROURT'S schedules will lapse the moment that the QUEEN's assent is given to any alteration of these statutes—a very odd kind of birthright. At Marylebone the mysterious "fight with medieval cutlasses" lost all its interest, and turned out to be a mere brawl—some hinted a drunken brawl—between betting men.

Games. Two hundred and sixty miles one hundred and seventy-seven yards were done in twelve hours on the bicycle this day week by G. HUNT of Nottinghamshire. This breaks by nearly two miles the previous record made only the other day.—One of the most noteworthy football matches played this season as yet was between Sunderland and Woolwich Arsenal, in which the Northern team, who had come with a great professional reputation, were beaten by the Arsenal with two goals to one, as they were next day at Leyton by the "Casuals" with four to three.

The School Board Question. VERY amusing wrath was shown by the Bible Education Council at Archdeacon SINCLAIR's very proper submission to his Bishop in the matter of the little Nonconformist-Freethinker "plant" against religious education. "What," cried Dr. LUNN in effect, "obey a bishop! what next?" and his cry should open the eyes of the Churchmen who have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked even better than Dr. SINCLAIR's resipiscence. That Mr. EYTON, a Prebendary and a supposed good Churchman, should have taken the same line, may set some a-murmuring to themselves musingly that very suggestive resolution of the Exeter Gladstonian parsons about the "too prevalent idea that 'Liberalism and Churchmanship are incompatible.'" It is fair to say that Mr. EYTON afterwards expressed sorrow that he had written; but how much better would it have been to be sorry before he wrote! We observe, by the way, that a very characteristic attempt has been made to twist some utterances of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's in the same way in which the Bishop of LONDON's were twisted, by trumpeting the fact that

the Archbishop praised some Board School teachers as excellent teachers of religion. It may shock the innocent, but will not surprise the experienced in the tactics of a certain party, to learn that this was a generous exception introduced in a letter tending wholly and unreservedly to support religious education. It was said by a rude person after the general election which gave its name to a political Club that it had been won by "hard lying." The followers of Mr. STANLEY and Dr. CLIFFORD seem to think that their best way is to go and do likewise. It will, however, be difficult for them to pursue this policy, at least as regards the Bishop of LONDON, who has issued a formal declaration of unhesitating support to the majority of the present Board.

Correspondence. THE Duke of ARGYLL poured very precious and well-deserved balms on Mr. COURTNEY's head this week in the matter of the Evicted Tenants Bill.

Miscellaneous. THE Thirlmere Waterworks for Manchester were formally opened yesterday week, after many years' preparation, and next day the water was turned on in Manchester itself.—The conferring of a C.B. upon Mr. JAMESON, the Administrator of Mashonaland, will doubtless be objected to by persons of the extreme Laboucherian type, and has been grumbled at already as tardy by persons of a different kidney. Between whom the prudent man may safely opine that the honour was not ill bestowed.—Trinity College, Glenalmond, which was partly burnt down this week, was rather better known to persons not directly connected with it than most such places, first by the agreeable account, in the *Memoirs* of HOPE SCOTT, how that eminent lawyer, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. GLADSTONE's father sought a site for it in the wilds, and drank *ail-de-perdrix* champagne when they had found it, and, secondly, because of the less cheerful, but much lengthier, description of its early troubles in another biography, the *Memoirs* of Bishop CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

MANY Diocesan Conferences have been held during the week, most of them declaring stoutly against Disestablishment. At Lincoln, however, the Dean unsuccessfully displayed that faithfulness to those who made him a Dean which is an honourable distinction of the Gladstonian clergy, and argued gingerly for Disestablishment. But if Dr. WICKHAM has doubts about an Established Church, would it not have been the more excellent way to have refused to be an Established Dean at this juncture?—Some very singular statements were made as to cruel and unusual punishments in a Roman Catholic Industrial school by Lord ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, formerly chaplain at the school, before a Commissioner appointed by the HOME SECRETARY.—It has been announced that private postcards, on certain conditions, may be sent to places abroad.—Lord DRUMLANRIG, eldest son of Lord QUEENSBERRY, and a peer in his own right since last year, was found shot, apparently by an accident, while out shooting in Somersetshire.—Dr. LAUDER BRUNTON delivered the Harveian Oration on Thursday.

Books, &c. MR. FURNISS'S new comic paper, *Lika Joko*, has appeared this week, and those who expected that the projector would have the bad taste to make it anything like *Punch* have been disappointed. It is in appearance rather like a less bulky *Sketch*, or something of that sort, with very shining paper. It opens with "Trilby: an Open Letter," proceeds to a decidedly pretty picture of a young woman skirt-dancing, contains a large cartoon of the intended victims of "Lika Joko," and divers other things, including a rather pleasing piece of Table-Turning—not Spiritualism, but interviewer-squelching. Let Mr.

FURNISS be funny and he will doubtless prosper.—The third volume of the very useful *Publications of the Irish Unionist Alliance* has appeared (HODGES, FIGGIS, & CO.)

Obituary. SIR ALFRED STEPHEN, who died at the age of ninety-two, though born in the West Indies, had been identified during almost the whole of his long life, since he was called to the Bar, with Australia, where he was Solicitor-General of Van Diemen's Land seventy years ago, and Chief Justice of New South Wales for thirty years. He was later a member of the Legislative Council and Lieutenant-Governor, while for the last three years he had been a Privy Councillor. Sir ALFRED was a cousin of the late Mr. Justice STEPHEN, but a generation higher on the tree.—MR. NICHOL, Emeritus Professor of English at Glasgow, was a man of considerable distinction and of no small proficiency both in prose and verse, though with some peculiarities of temper.—M. TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE was one of the small band of well-known Sinologists. A Frenchman by birth, but English by naturalization, and it is said by descent, he had long resided here, and had received such small encouragement as there is among us for such studies as his.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LAST PROGRAMME.

THE desperate anxiety displayed by the Gladstonian to discover some signs of the coming of that much-desired event, the disruption of the Unionist party, is of course a manifestation at which we can well afford to smile. Indeed, it is really obliging on the part of our excellent adversaries thus to revive the entertainment with which they were wont to amuse us seven years ago, when, in the early days of the Parliament of 1886, we used to be regaled about every other week with a new prediction of the imminent collapse of the Unionist alliance. Then, as now, it was upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that they fixed the eye of malignant hope; upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, they were in the habit of assuring him five days out of six, had made his own return to his former comrades absolutely impossible, but who, as regularly as the sixth day came round, was represented as about to break finally with the party that had welcomed him, in order to go back to the party that would refuse to receive him again on any terms. These same men are even more violent against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to-day than they were in 'Eighty-seven; they remind him, with even greater frequency and bitterness, that there is "no future for him except in the ranks of the Tory "party"; and it is, therefore, "quite like old times" to hear them talking the same delightful nonsense as ever about his throwing "explosive bombs" at his own future, so to speak, and generally going out of his way to pick a quarrel with what these singular critics of his are never tired of describing to him as the only political bread-and-butter that will ever be within his reach.

Their latest performance on this wise was rendered more plausible by an audacious misquotation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's words. He has just formulated one of those programmes of social legislation which he is so fertile in producing, and has thereby provoked some hostile criticism from an anonymous member of his party, who appears to be not so fond of programmes as his leader. Replying to this rebuke in a speech at Durham on Tuesday last, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN insisted, as he has insisted many times before, that the Unionist party cannot maintain itself on the purely "negative" "policy" of resistance to Irish Home Rule and other foolish and dishonest projects of the New Radicalism; that it is bound to present itself to the country with the offer of various legislative schemes for what is

called "the improvement of the social condition of "the people" (meaning, so far as one can discover, of the working-class voter at the expense of the other orders of the community); and that, in fine, if this positive policy were to be definitely rejected by the Unionist party, he (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN) would feel obliged to retire from the "responsible position" which he now fills in its councils. To represent this as a threat of retirement in case his latest legislative programme is not swallowed whole, and without the mastication of a single detail, by the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists alike, is, in the old-fashioned romancer's phrase, "the work of a moment" with the honest Gladstonian journalist. The circles of the faithful were accordingly edified next day with the story that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had presented this demand as an ultimatum to his Tory allies, that his Tory allies never could, should, or would accept it, and that accordingly, and "positively for the last time," the long-promised break-up of the Unionist party was actually at hand. It is needless, of course, to say that this terribly disruptive utterance in the Durham speech resolves itself, on inquiry, into the very different declaration that, if the Unionists were to decline the adoption of any positive policy, and to rely solely on their services as defenders of a Union which is no longer in any danger, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would not remain a leader of its Liberal wing. And, since we are not aware that any section of the party, Conservative or other, proposes to base its claims to national confidence on the sole circumstance that it is opposed to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, Unionists in general will not be seriously discomposed by the "explosive bomb" which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is alleged to have thrown among them.

This, however, is not to say that the continual promulgation of political programmes for the Unionist party by eminent members of its Liberal wing is a practice to be unreservedly commended. So long, of course, as it is perfectly understood that such promulgation binds no one but the eminent persons who are responsible for it, no great harm perhaps is done. But there is always a certain danger that this understanding may be ignored or forgotten. It is, for instance, obviously impossible for us, or for any other organ of Conservative opinion, to enter the foregoing *caveat* on every occasion on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, let us say, finds it necessary to remind his party that he is as good a Radical as ever. To do so would be needlessly irritating, and this of course is so strongly felt by Conservatives in general that they are in the habit of receiving many political manifestos of the kind in question in a silence which they certainly do not wish to be construed as assent. That, however, is the construction to which it must always be more or less liable, and which, indeed, in some quarters is already occasionally put upon it. The danger of such misinterpretation is the more invidious because every Liberal-Unionist programme contains, and necessarily contains, a certain number of articles which the Conservative party have either officially accepted or to which they are more or less avowedly committed; and the effect of lumping these together with the unaccepted articles, and hearing the whole series continually recited in the press or on the platform, is to beget an indolent belief in too many minds, Conservative as well as Liberal, that it constitutes the authoritative Unionist creed.

It is, of course, only necessary to examine the half-dozen or so of articles included in the latest of these programmes to see how very composite is its character, and how large is the admixture of doubtful or debatable proposals with legislative projects on which Unionists in general are agreed. Side by side, for example, with a question like that of Employers' Liability, subject to a power of contracting out, we find

such another question as that of Old Age Pensions. Now it would be difficult to name any two subjects of legislation which stand, so far as Conservatives are concerned, on a more widely different footing. Upon the former of the two the Conservative party, after the debates of last Session on the Bill which Ministers thought fit to wreck, may be said to have an official policy; on the latter it is impossible to affirm that any party, even that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself, as distinct from its leader, has any policy at all. To provide pensions for the old is hardly more than a pious aspiration in any man's mind; in none has it been condensed into anything more definite, even by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's own publication of a specific financial plan for carrying it into effect. It has secured *locus standi* for its principle by appealing to the proposition that, the Poor-law itself being essentially socialistic, a proposal for the partial relief of its burdens ought not, on the mere ground of its Socialism, to be excluded from a hearing. This proposition, however, though of course unassailable, carries us but a very little way. Not only has it nothing to say to the question of financial practicability, but it has only a very slight bearing on the question of public morality and legislative policy. Of two methods of relieving want, both equally socialistic in theory, one may in practice be far more dangerous and infinitely more demoralizing than the other. The old-age pensions scheme has never been seriously discussed from either point of view. Neither of the two political parties can be said to have formed any opinion worthy of the name as to whether it is practicable from the point of view of finance, or tolerable from that of public policy. Yet here we find it in the latest so-called Unionist programme, cheek-by-jowl with Employers' Liability, and the perfectly harmless, if not very promising, proposal to establish Courts of Arbitration for the settlement of Labour disputes. What, again, are we to make of such an item as that of "temperance legislation"? It may cover anything, from a sensible and moderate revision of the Licensing Laws up to a Gothenburg experiment on the one hand, or a confiscatory Local Veto scheme on the other. How can it be said that there is any "Unionist policy" on this subject, or that the Conservative party stands pledged to legislate for the promotion of "temperance" by any one of the methods which find favour with the various classes of crotchet-mongers who have devoted themselves to the question? It is needless, however, to go through the list, especially as at its very outset we come across the proposal to apply the principles of the Irish Land Purchase Act to English urban tenancies, in such a way as to enable the artisan to become the freeholder of his dwelling by advances from the State instead of from a Building Society. Such an article alone would be sufficient to stamp the programme as "un-authorized" indeed. Its very presence proclaims the manifesto to be one addressed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to his own section of the Unionist party in the constituencies. That should be perfectly understood, and at present, no doubt, is understood; but for the reasons above given it is undesirable, we think, to risk misunderstanding by multiplying such manifestos, and by giving them, consciously or unconsciously, a too authoritative form.

WHAT LORD ROSEBERY HAS DONE.

IT would not be difficult, and if there were not more important work in hand it would be perhaps worth while, to show the extremely "official" character of the statement which appeared in yesterday's *Daily News*. We refer, of course, to the communication headed, with lavish precision, "Negotiations for Peace" and "The Policy of the Government." It has been

extorted by the general expressions of uneasiness excited by the sudden summoning of the last Cabinet Council, and also by the explanation which various critics have put upon that event. The statement tells us nothing as to why the Council met out of time just then, and the more or less inspired comment of the *Daily News* on this incident only takes up those who peer irreverently into a mystery in a short, not to say snubbing, manner. The Cabinet did not meet for any of the reasons assigned or to do the things alleged. Perhaps it met for no reason, and did nothing. We have known Cabinets do worse.

So far the statement is negative; but it does not stop there. It proceeds to tell us what has happened since this puzzle was provided to relieve the barrenness of the dull season. We learn that, acting on information received—"which showed that the Chinese were prepared to enter on negotiations for peace on certain terms"—HER MAJESTY's Ministers have taken steps. The steps are distinguished by a laudable caution, and, if they have so far led to no result, at least they have not caused this country to undergo another version of the discredit entailed upon it by the management which achieved the Congo Agreement. In fact, the action of Ministers was eminently judicious. They have only asked the Governments of Europe whether, in their opinion, it would not be advisable that China's readiness to make peace, and its notion of the "certain terms" it could accept, should be communicated to Japan by all of them, speaking at once. At the same time Ministers have taken care to ask whether Japan is, or is not, disposed to negotiate on the basis proposed by China. The offer of HER MAJESTY's Government to act "the honest broker" has not been met by a decisive rejection of its services. A majority of the Great Powers is "in thorough accord with HER MAJESTY's Government." It is hoped the minority will, in time, assent; and Japan has, so far, maintained a silence which it is hoped will be found to mean assent.

This statement sweeps away a great deal of contradictory and unfounded information so-called, which has come from the seat of war and the different capitals of Europe. Its force is increased by the explicit assurance that "Ministers were, of course, moved to take the measures by their sense of the great importance to Great Britain and to the other Powers interested of the maintenance of internal quiet and order in the Chinese Empire." This is as distinct a recognition as could be expected in the circumstances of what is, in fact, the capital truth of the situation—namely, that this war and its consequences do not concern China and Japan only, but the interests of the large majority of Great Powers, which in itself would supply ample justification for intervention. The qualifying statement, appended by way of rider, that "such intervention as has been suggested is purely a diplomatic one, made in the friendliest spirit to both the combatants," must be understood to be made in a spirit of diplomatic courtesy. If it goes further, and is to be understood as an engagement not to go beyond the limits imposed on the honest broker, it means that HER MAJESTY's Government is prepared to look on at the destruction "of internal quiet and order in the Chinese Empire," should Japan prove too exacting, and continue to be successful. We find it however, impossible to believe that any English Government could possibly be so bereft of sense as to voluntarily submit to such a ruinous necessity. It is more probable that it is endeavouring to smooth the progress of the work in hand by the use of carefully polite language. There are happily reasons to believe that Japan is beginning to find causes for not being too exacting. Its patriotic warlike policy has failed to disarm the opposition in the Diet. The pause which has occurred in military operations seems to show

that its armies find an advance against the bulk of China, at a season when the near approach of winter threatens to stop all campaigning, a very different thing from overwhelming an isolated Chinese corps in the cockpit of Corea. The tall talk about a military promenade to Mukden begins to look somewhat foolish, in view of the fact that Japan has not yet been able to bring its forces effectively to the Yaloo, which is separated by a hundred and fifty miles of difficult country from the capital of Manchuria. Japan may, in fact, decide to accept the Chinese offer as a basis of negotiation, and in that case it is quite unnecessary to talk of intervention which is not diplomatic.

MR. BAYARD'S COMPLIMENTS.

WE have always allowed ourselves the indulgence of a modest belief that we make this country a fairly agreeable place of residence for an American Ambassador. There are, of course, many obvious reasons why it should be both easy and pleasant for Englishmen to do so; and we have, indeed, had the gratifying testimony of a succession of these distinguished persons to the fact that we have succeeded. Even in the most difficult times—and there have been none more difficult in our day than the period of the American Civil War—the personal relations between the representative of the United States and English society have never been otherwise than smooth and amicable; and since Mr. ADAMS's tenure of the post there have happily been no serious international complications to threaten them. The only risk, indeed, that there has ever been—a risk which was, of course, gravest while the memories of the war were still recent—was one of an exactly opposite character. There was a danger, illustrated if we remember rightly in the case of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, lest the understanding between the American representative and ourselves should become a little too good, and assume a greater cordiality than might commend itself to the temporary mood of his countrymen. The danger, however, of that contingency has again, happily, ceased to exist; and though we seem to detect just the slightest flavour of the apologetic in the tone of the extremely handsome compliments which Mr. BAYARD has just been bestowing upon us before an American audience, we may perhaps attribute that to the speaker's consciousness of the almost unmeasured character of his praise.

So nearly unmeasured is it, indeed, as to be almost embarrassing to its recipients. Upon our hospitality, our kindness, our justice and fair-dealing, our love of order, our law-abiding spirit, the religiousness of our domestic habits, the propriety of our language, and the efficiency of our police, the American Ambassador speaks in terms which we should be proud indeed to deserve. During an eighteen-months' residence in England he has never passed the night in any house in which the household did not assemble every morning for family prayers. During the whole of that period he does not remember ever having heard an oath. He does not remember that he ever heard—nay, he is “sure of it” that he never did hear—at any “entertainment a jest or a story that a man would object to tell to his wife, his sister, or his daughter.” All this is extremely gratifying; and it would remain so even if for the “never” of our enthusiastic eulogist we were to substitute the “hardly ever” which a certain famous ship’s company, themselves almost as uniformly well-conducted as the British people, induced their commanding officer to accept as an amendment upon his own too unqualified encomium. For even then it at least points unmistakably to the fact that a guest coming to us from a country in

which the rules of outward decorum certainly do not err on the side of undue laxity has found a higher standard of propriety, devoutness, and refinement than he was prepared to meet with.

Nevertheless, we will not deny that we can accept Mr. BAYARD’s compliments to the efficiency of our police with less confusion; and that we can even admit, without blushing, the accuracy of his admiring account of the behaviour of our London crowds. We can well believe that he has never seen a London policeman with a baton or stick in his hand, nor seen a blow struck by one, nor heard violent language from one, nor seen violence used by one. Few of us have, save those who are in the habit of asserting the sacred right of the people to obstruct the movements—or on occasion to loot the shops—of their fellow-citizens. And, on the other hand, we have all of us seen that “almost ‘constant sight,’ as our critic describes it, where, while ‘traffic is at its greatest, vehicles being almost ‘piled one upon another, one quiet man in police uniform walks into the middle of the crowd, turns his back upon the vehicles, and holds up a hand which is at once and unquestioningly obeyed and respected ‘as the incarnation of the law.’” Undoubtedly it is good to be reminded of the significance of an incident rendered almost meaningless to us by familiarity, as it appears to a fresh eye. Especially refreshing is the reminder in a day when a small and noisy anarchic faction among us are exerting all their puny efforts to unteach their countrymen that respect for constituted authority and that instinct of obedience to law with which the long tuition of their history has imbued them. Through the eyes of an observer like Mr. BAYARD we see what we are too apt to overlook—the vast multitudes of the law-abiding Englishmen and the contemptible numbers of the Anarchists. Yes, the “one quiet man in police uniform,” the uplifted hand, and the instantaneously arrested traffic form an impressive sight. May we all meditate upon it to our profit and to the maintenance of our high national standard of propriety in language, when next the “quiet man” interrupts our hurried transit to a railway station!

THE BIRCH AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

THE result of the inquiry held this week by the order of the HOME SECRETARY into the management of St. John’s Industrial Schools at Walthamstow has not been announced; but the evidence has disclosed two facts of very considerable public interest and importance. The one is the paramount necessity for a reform in the existing arrangements for the inspection of industrial schools. The other is the undesirable character of the methods of punishment which modern sentiment has substituted for the salutary birchings that played so frequent and painful a part in the education of our ancestors. Neither of these facts is an inference from disputed evidence. Whether the St. John’s Industrial Schools case results in the acquittal or in the condemnation and censure of Mr. WEBB and his friends, they will be equally forcible, and will still constitute the grand object-lessons of the inquiry. We may, therefore, discuss them now, without any infringement of the golden rule which lifts issues *sub judice* out of the reach of public comment.

It is impossible to peruse the evidence in the St. John’s Industrial Schools case without coming to the conclusion that the present mode of inspecting such institutions is not altogether perfect. We throw no blame upon the Inspectors or the Visiting Committees. The fault lies with the system, not with those who administer it. But there is far too little provision in the existing regulations for unexpected visits and for independent personal examination. An inspector visits

an industrial school. His arrival is anticipated. Spontaneously the establishment assumes an exhibition-day appearance. The teachers are all grave, gentle, and sympathetic. The pupils have shining morning faces. Order and happiness prevail. The Inspector is delighted with everything he sees and hears, and reports accordingly. In all this there is no conscious deception. It is not in human nature to act otherwise. What is needed is that these holiday visits should give way to investigations as rigorous and unforeseen as those which the Commissioners in Lunacy carry out in their department. There would be nothing invidious in the introduction of such a *régime*. No asylum keeper thinks himself insulted because the Commissioners in Lunacy hold him at arm's length, call for his books, and interview his patients privately. The very thoroughness of their procedure is a protection to him; and the most cursory student of the history of the insane in this country knows how it has minimized the alleged "scandals" which are still so common in institutions not subjected to the same strict regulation. No one will deny that the recurrence of cases like that of the St. John's Industrial Schools is on every ground to be deprecated. Whatever the issue of them may be, they leave a root of bitterness in the minds both of teachers and pupils, and shake the confidence of the public. If the HOME SECRETARY will consent to take a leaf out of the book of the Lunacy Department in this matter, he will do much to prevent the evils of which inquiries can only suggest the cure.

Not less clear and imperative is the need for the formation of a healthy popular opinion in favour of corporal punishment of the good old-fashioned kind. What sorry substitutes the "crucifixions" and "pick-‘a-backs" and "trampings" which have figured so prominently in the St. John's Industrial Schools case are for the simple cane or moderately complex birch, by which so many fierce spirits have been tamed and so many noble minds tutored in times past! The false humanitarianism of the present generation shudders at the thought of employing these agents of educational discipline freely, and limits their use to such an extent that it has to be supplemented by other remedies—and such remedies! Instead of the *mauvais quart d'heure* which bad boys were wont to have in the unsparing hands of THWACKUM or HUNTER (who accompanied each stroke with the wholesome observation, "And this I do to save you from the gallows"), we now cane or birch them in a half-hearted manner, and with few stripes, and then eke out the chastisement by fantastic and dilatory forms of punishment which break a boy's spirit and waste his time and energy, even if they do not injure his health.

We cordially hope that the light which the St. John's Industrial Schools inquiry has cast upon the kind of alternatives to corporal punishment that our latter-day sentimentalism has created will provoke a strong reaction in the public mind in favour of the old English method of teaching the young idea how to shoot, or repressing its wayward growth. "The rod," said Dr. JOHNSON, who had suffered many things at the hands of HUNTER, "produces an effect which ‘terminates in itself'; and none of these modern refinements of inquisitorial ingenuity which seek to take its place is half so harmless and effective."

THE ILLNESS OF THE AMEER.

THE extraordinary proneness to scrofus which has characterized the present autumn, and which is not—in England at least—a testimony to the general confidence in Lord Rosebery's policy, may count for something in the importance attached to the health of the Ameer of Afghanistan, Abdul Rahman. But it must not be allowed to count for too much. Lord Roberts is not an alarmist nor a willing

victim of the interviewer; yet he has carefully guarded himself against a sanguine estimate. And Lord Elgin may be trusted not to have learnt from Lord Rosebery the habit of ordering Councils at unusual times without any calculation of the consequences.

The dangers, or at least the difficulties, which would confront Great Britain in the case of the death of the Ameer, or of his becoming unequal to the task of governing, come in the main under two heads. The first would be the probable consequences in Afghanistan itself. Of the remoter history of our connexions with this troublesome neighbour, which we have never been able either wholly to subdue or safely to neglect, it is not necessary to speak. Actual matters date from the second great Afghan war of sixteen years ago, and from the settlement which followed it under Abdul Rahman as Ameer. With respect to the war itself—one of the most fiercely debated of recent political events—it is now generally admitted that Lord Lytton was perfectly right in his general policy of declining to allow Afghanistan to keep us at arm's length, and of refusing to behave as if nothing beyond the passes concerned us. It is also allowed, with a consent nearly as general, that the attempt to split up the country and to occupy it to some extent was a mistake. Accordingly the policy of the last dozen years and more, rearranged and fortified by the recent Cabul Mission of Sir Mortimer Durand, has been as follows. We have distinctly warned foreign Powers—though it may be a question how far in the Penjdeh incident we made good our warning—that we will allow no meddling with Afghanistan on the part of others. But we have also abstained from meddling with any part of its interior affairs ourselves. We have acknowledged—nay we have indirectly maintained—the Ameer on the throne, and have given him a very handsome annual subsidy. We have not inflicted a Resident or even an Envoy on him, and have, as far as possible, discouraged even travellers from entering his country. We have given him every assistance in arming himself, and recently, as a mark of honour to the master at least as much as to the man, knighthood, with flattering personal attentions from the Queen, has been conferred upon Sir Salter Pyne, the English head of the Cabul Arsenal. We have not made any of those perhaps well-meant, but to Oriental potentates intensely irritating, attempts of ours to get Abdul Rahman to rule according to Western ideas. He has been at perfect freedom "to head and to hang," as it pleased him. Only when he or his subordinates began to extend themselves a little too much into districts bordering on India, we have now and again interposed—the chief cause of the slight misunderstanding which Sir Mortimer Durand cleared up. And we have also, by understanding explicit or tacit, strengthened our own hold on the passes leading into Afghanistan from India—which is another way of saying the passes leading into India from Afghanistan and from parts beyond—to the utmost possible degree. All these exits or entrances, whichever they may be called, from the Khyber to the Khojak, and from the road to Cabul to the road to Candahar, have been carefully occupied, fortified, or at least watched. Moreover, on the extreme north, in the neighbourhood of the Ameer's outlying and half-debatable territories of Badakhshan and Wakhan, our posts and residencies in Chitral and Kunjut maintain at least an observation on the passes from the Hindu Koosh to the Pamir plateaus. Volumes rather than paragraphs would be wanted to explain the object of these various posts. But it may in general and in brief be said that our present Afghan policy amounts to a complete letting alone of Afghanistan proper, a vigilant care that everybody else shall let it alone, and such an organization of the defensive powers of the frontier as may enable us at the best advantage either to act in Afghanistan itself at need, or to strike at the advances and communications of an enemy coming from beyond Afghanistan.

For the continuance of this policy it is necessary that Afghanistan itself should be in friendly and strong hands. Unfortunately, there is hardly any place in the world where it is so difficult to secure the combination of these desiderata. Wars of succession are the almost invariable rule among the Afghans, who are much more a collection of mutually hostile tribes than a single nation. Its actual reigning dynasty is abundantly divided against itself. Two of Abdul Rahman's sons—the eldest, whose mother is of inferior rank, and a younger son of full royal birth—are spoken of as likely claimants. There are

others of the Royal House, and the Russians would not find it difficult to start candidates of their own if they chose. With an Afghanistan in chaos our present policy would be extremely difficult to carry on, and in especial there would be a constant danger of those local outbreaks which are so inconvenient in the neighbourhood of a strong and enterprising Power. We might be forced to what even victorious commanders in former instances regard with horror—an Afghan war.

This, however, is not the only inconvenience, though it is the chief. The disturbance of such settlement as we have arrived at would be bad. But all is not yet settled. The everlasting Pamir question—the solution of which English Governments seem afraid to press for, while Russia postpones it with the careful dilatoriness of those who know that delay cannot injure and may profit them—is, at least as we have chosen to take it, intimately connected with the existence of a strong and friendly Afghanistan. It is in the name of the Ameer that we have been maintaining the inadmissibility of Russian advance beyond an unsettled point on an unsettled branch of the head waters of the Oxus. And we do this with some reason, not merely because he has, if not a very ancient title, one infinitely better than Russia can plead to these shadowy regions, but also because the passes—the way to which would be opened by a further Russian advance—lead more or less directly into undoubted Afghan territory. It is true that they also lead not very indirectly into our own, and that from some of them back ways to India exist with hardly any or with no trespassing upon Afghan territory proper. But still we have recognized this territory as belonging to our ally, and we vindicate his rights in it. If Afghanistan falls into anarchy, the Afghan claims on these regions will, if they do not exactly lapse, become difficult to enforce, and, until a strong Ameer can be placed on the throne again, we shall have to take a different line.

For both these reasons, then, it is not surprising that Indian politicians look on the news of the health of the Ameer with disquietude. And even if the present scares go off, the Foreign and Indian Offices ought to take redoubled pains to get the Pamir question satisfactorily settled. For Abdul Rahman is not a young man; it has for some time been known that his constitution is impaired, and even if he were much younger and stronger than he is, the thing ought not to be left open. If one of two great Empires is determined on war, of course there is never any difficulty in finding a pretext. But that is no reason for leaving *casus belli*, as it were, strewed about on every plateau and in every pass of this debateable land, where a Cossack picket has only to stumble (by the merest accident) against an Afghan outpost to bring about anything that is wanted.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

THE exact result of the Belgian elections must remain doubtful until the second ballots have been held. But already we know enough to be aware that an experiment, which it is not too much to call wild, has produced its inevitable consequences. It must be remembered that the Belgians are doing something which is almost as dangerous as the application of Western constitutional methods to an Oriental country. They have passed at once, and under threat of mob pressure, from a restricted suffrage to one which may fairly be described as universal. This, of itself, is a considerable adventure; but the Belgians have gone further. They have complicated their electoral system in such manner that its working must be confused and uncertain, unless the electors are divided into two definite political parties. This, however, is very far from being the case. There are several strong classes and even race divisions in Belgium. The *bourgeoisie*, the workmen of the town, and the country population are widely separated in interest and character. There are jealousies and rivalries of race between Flemings and Walloons. To these elements of conflict must be added the fundamental differences of belief, hopes, and aims which mark off the "Catholic" parties from every shade and kind of Liberal, whether of the old *bourgeois* order or of the new extreme Socialist stamp.

With an electoral law of the utmost simplicity it would hardly have been possible to avoid confusion in a conflict of so many contradictory elements. But the Belgian electoral law is the reverse of simple. It gives a vote to every

Belgian of over twenty-one years of age who has been resident for a year in his district, and is not a pauper or disqualified by being under a criminal sentence. So far it is plain sailing, but complications were superadded which must make the work of counting the votes one of extraordinary difficulty. The electors are divided into three classes—the univox, the bivox, and the trivox—the one-vote, the two-vote, and the three-vote men. Every one who, being a married man or widower with children, pays five francs yearly of direct taxes has two votes. Such as have received the "higher education" have three votes. The rest, subject to the residential and age qualifications, have one vote. This, it will be allowed, is a not despicable collection of what M. Thiers would have described as *chinoiseries*—Chinese puzzles and complications. But not content with this, the Belgians have adopted an expedient for compelling all men to do their duty which has commended itself to not a few well-meaning persons, who justify their faith by the somewhat doubtful example of Solon, or some other wise lawgiver of the Greeks. They have made the voting compulsory. The object of this measure is to make abstentions, which on the Continent are generally numerous, impossible. It is the hope of those who advocate this counsel of perfection that the languid citizen who, left to his natural indolence, would abstain, will, upon being driven to the poll, give a moderate vote. The process of reasoning by which this conclusion is reached has an air of plausibility. The tepid man, it is contended, is by natural inclination in favour of moderate measures, to "gently purge the public ills." Make him vote, and his ingrained dislike of extremes will cause him to vote for moderate men and moderate measures. Another calculation, of a somewhat harder-headed kind, had a good deal to do with inducing the Belgian Chambers to adopt this compulsory clause. The Clerical party saw that it would greatly help them in mustering the country population at the polls. The result has justified both the Belgian clergy and those who have all along doubted whether the real or imaginary law of the Greek lawgiver, which certainly did not produce political stability in its original home, would have a beneficial effect in a modern polity. The clergy have mustered the whole strength of their party for the most extreme Clerical candidates. The indifferent voter of the towns has revenged himself for being driven to the polls by giving trouble. The law, it appears, forgot to make it obligatory on him to vote for one of the candidates actually nominated. So he has either sent in blank papers or has voted for imaginary candidates—for Chucks the Marine, to use a cant phrase which had its popularity of a day with ourselves.

The result of the election has been a cruel disappointment to those who hoped for great things from the extra votes given to education, and from the moderating influence of those voters who would have preferred to abstain, but were not allowed to do so. What the exact balance of parties will be when the second ballots have been held remains to be seen. The law which insists on a second ballot whenever one of the candidates fails to secure an absolute majority of votes, also provides that it shall be taken between the two who have received the largest number of votes. As the supporters of the third candidate must vote, and are not allowed to vote for their own man, they are compelled to become a flying squadron whether they wish to or not. In many cases the third party is Socialist, and it will give its votes to whichever candidate appears most pliable. Thus the result is often uncertain. It is, however, generally understood that the Socialists will on the whole prefer to vote for the Clerical, not because they love him, but because, according to the universal Continental tradition, they hate the Liberals. This is the party which has paid the piper so far in what is really the revolution through which Belgium is now passing. The Clericals will, it seems, more or less maintain their majority. Before this election there were forty-six Clericals to thirty Liberals in the Senate, and ninety-three to fifty-nine in the Chamber of Deputies. Under the old restricted suffrage no Socialists were elected. The Senate will not be much affected since the Socialists, who object to Second Chambers on principle, have not run Senatorial candidates. But in the Chamber of Deputies the Liberals will be reduced to a handful and replaced by Socialists. This, we think, is not a result which ought to surprise anybody. The Continental Liberals of the old stamp are essentially a *bourgeois* party. They consist of the educated and moneyed middle

class of the towns. They have no hold on the workmen, from whom they are divided by old feuds which have run all through the history of Continental cities. Neither have they any hold on the country population, whose natural leaders are the noble and the priest, with occasional interludes of the agrarian agitator. A restricted suffrage is absolutely necessary for such a party if it is ever to be more than a mere handful. When universal suffrage is introduced it is crushed between its enemies of the country and its enemies of the town. Prince Bismarck knew that well when he brought in universal suffrage in order to destroy his natural opponents the Liberals. In Belgium the result has been identical, and has fully justified those members of the party who predicted that the extension of the suffrage would be their destruction.

The prospects for Belgium under the new dispensation are by no means good. *Bourgeois* Liberalism has its defects of narrowness and selfishness, but it is commonly sane, and almost always favourable to economical administration. As much cannot be said for the new parties which must now direct the affairs of the country. It is hardly necessary to speak of the Socialists, who are committed to the support of the most insane schemes for recasting society. But the Clerical party has itself been profoundly modified. Hitherto its leaders have been partly priests, partly nobles, or members of the moneyed middle class, whose opinions were Conservative. Universal suffrage has swamped these two classes. In future the Clerical party will be formed of the great mass of ignorant country voters, headed by the priests, who are now freed from the control of the nobles. The provision of the electoral law which gives three votes to all who are counted as having received the higher education has given a great advantage to the clergy. They are counted as highly educated, and have accordingly three votes each, which, as they are a very numerous body, gives them great weight. We have no wish to countenance the abusive language of the anti-Clericals, but whoever knows what the bulk of the Roman Catholic clergy are must have serious doubts as to the consequences of putting political power into their hands. We can easily realize what it means by figuring to ourselves what would happen if a majority of both Houses of Parliament could be returned by the Irish clergy, who were also themselves eligible for election. It does not improve the prospect that, though the discipline of the Clericals has been firmly maintained, there is an active Christian-Socialist party which aims at combining Clerical methods and Socialist policy. It is hard to forecast the end of such a ferment as must be set up by the juxtaposition of such heterogeneous elements as constitute the new Belgian Chamber. But it may be only too confidently asserted that it will not be either sane government or economical administration.

A FORGOTTEN GREEK SCHOLAR.

TUESDAY, October 30, 1894, will be the seven-hundredth anniversary of the death of a great, though now almost forgotten, Italian scholar, in many ways the most prominent of that little band of twelfth-century workers to whom we owe the revival of Greek learning among the Romance- and Teutonic-speaking races of Western Europe. A scholar's life is proverbially uneventful; nor has the life of John Burgundio, the Pisan *judec*, much share in that atmosphere of mystery or adventure which lends a charm to the little we know about one or two other European students who flourished somewhat near his age. He was not, like Constantine of Monte Cassino, a mark for the murderous assaults of jealous rivals; he was not, like Adelard of Bath, a wanderer over all lands from Britain to Sicily, and from the Thames to the Orontes, or it may be to the Euphrates; nor did he, like Michael Scott, impress the imagination of his own contemporaries so profoundly that later times turned him into a prophet or a wizard. His life was the quiet life of a scholar; and it is only now and then that his name flashes out in chronicle or manuscript from the darkness that surrounds his history.

John Burgundio makes his first appearance at Constantinople in 1136 A.D. The occasion was a curious one. The Emperor of the West had sent Anselm, Bishop of Havelberg—the famous pupil of St. Norbert—on an embassy to his brother Emperor of the East. This pious prelate grieved to find himself among a people that, calling itself Christian, had wandered so far away from the true Apostolic

faith. Being of a dialectical temperament, he flattered himself that he could confute the Greek heretics in their own city. He appealed to the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, John Comnenus, brother of that "thrice-learned" lady, Anna Comnena, dear to all readers of Sir Walter Scott. A theological tournament was proclaimed in accordance with the semi-chivalrous customs of the day. The lists were set up in the "quarter of the Pisans" hard by the "Church of the Sacred Peace." There on April 10, 1136, the two champions made their appearance; Anselm, upholding the banner of the Catholic Church of the West, while Nicetas, Bishop of Nicomedia, upheld the standard of the East. Anselm, having little or no knowledge of Greek, was obliged to seek an interpreter; and among the Romance-speaking residents of Constantinople there was not much difficulty in supplying his need. "Three men," to quote the good Bishop's own words, "were there present," scholars of repute, "well skilled in each tongue" (Greek and Latin)—to wit, "James the Venetian, Burgundio the Pisan, and Moses of Bergamo." Such is our first glimpse of John Burgundio—as an interested onlooker at the single combat between the chosen champions of two great creeds. Those who are curious to learn the details of this contest may find them set forth at length by Bishop Anselm himself in a treatise written some few years later at the request of Eugenius III.

The life of a Pisan *judec* in the twelfth century was one of business and statesmanship. But John Burgundio, though doubtless a man of action, did not fritter away his manhood, like some of his fellow-judges, in fighting for phantom "crowns," whether in Sardinia or any other of the Italian isles. We may guess, however, that so distinguished a legislist must have been present at the great legal diet of Roncaglia, when the flower of Latin jurisprudence confirmed the claims of Frederick Barbarossa over the Italian cities. Two years later he certainly presented the victorious Cesar with one of his translations from the Greek. A little later still we get a glimpse into what was very probably the sternest tragedy in the life of one now verging upon old age. In 1171 he was sent to Constantinople to secure a renewal of the privileges granted by earlier Emperors to the Pisan merchants; and he can hardly fail to have been present at the magnificent reception given that year in Constantinople by the Emperor Manuel to his royal visitor and kinsman, Amalric of Jerusalem. But we may doubt if the old man had heart to enjoy these festivities, in which, as the representative of a city closely allied to the King of Jerusalem, he might well have taken a leading part. For, as the preface of one of his own books informs us, it was "while I was discharging the business of my native city at Constantinople" that "my son Ugolino, whom I had taken with me on my journey, died." There is some doubt as to the precise date of Ugolino's death, but it was certainly "for the redemption of" this "son's soul" that the aged scholar undertook his translation of St. Chrysostom's homilies on the Gospel of St. John. Once more we find the indefatigable worker presenting what was probably a copy of this version to Alexander III. at the great Lateran Council of 1179; a Council at which he can hardly fail to have made the acquaintance of that prodigy of Oriental learning, the greatest historian of the middle ages, William of Tyre. For William was one of the eight envoys sent to this Council to represent the Latin Church of Syria. A little later we find our author dedicating a fresh translation from the Greek "ad regem Henricum." It would be pleasant in this "rex Henricus" to see our own Henry II., who in that case would figure as the patron of a great Italian jurist of the twelfth century, much as his great grandson, Edward I., was the patron of Francesco Accursi, the great Italian jurist of the thirteenth. But historical probability compels us to admit that Burgundio's King Henry is more probably the son of Frederick Barbarossa, then King of the Romans—a prince who ten years later as Henry VI. startled even the twelfth century by his ambition and his cruelty. On October 30, 1194, our author died, probably in extreme old age.

As a jurist, Burgundio's claim to remembrance rests upon his translation of the Greek parts of the Pandects into Latin; though he would be entitled to greater honour still could we feel sure that, as has been suggested, he was the discoverer of the venerable manuscript of this work—now one of the glories of Florence, as it was for so many centuries, in older days, the glory of Pisa. But, great though he was as a legislist, Burgundio's place as a general scholar is

higher yet. Italian learning of the twelfth century drank from two fountains—one at the extreme East, the other at the extreme West, of Europe. Of the school which drew its inspiration from Arabic culture in Toledo or Barcelona, Gerard of Cremona is fairly entitled to the name of chief. It busied itself mainly with medicine, natural history, and astrology, as these sciences had filtered down from the golden ages of Greek literature through Jew or Syrian translators into Arabic. Of the Eastern school that looked to Constantinople John Burgundio was the leader; and it is his peculiar glory to have made his translations directly from the Greek. Added to this, his interests were not confined to medicine or natural science. Though for one patron he might translate Galen's "Treatise on Fevers"; for another he would translate a book on the culture of the vine; for a third he would execute a treatise on divinity; while for a fourth he would make a version of the Greek portions of the Pandects. And, when we consider the way in which one medieval scholar, in the infancy of learning, pilfered from the works of his predecessors, it is possible that sometimes even in the nineteenth century, when our eyes rest upon certain pages of the Digest, where the Greek and Latin texts confront each other in parallel columns, they are in reality looking on passages that are in some slight degree the work of this half-forgotten scholar, whose busy life closed exactly seven hundred years ago.

THE OULD ANCIENT TIMES OF ALL.

WHEN Mr. Barry Lyndon was asked from what dynasty of Irish kings he traced his descent, he replied nobly, but vaguely, from "the ould ancient kings of all." The period of Ireland's prosperity, freedom, learning, and general devilry is usually assigned to the date of the primitive monarchs. These were the times! Their opulence and splendour may, of course, have been exaggerated by the fond indiscretion of later poets. That the old ancient times of all rivalled the golden epoch of Croesus in Lydia may be plain to readers of the following narrative:—

"The Story of MacDáthó's Pig" is translated in the new *Anechta Oxoniensis* in an appendix to an old Irish treatise on the Psalter. The editor is Mr. Kuno Fischer (Clarendon Press). Mr. Fischer is to be thanked for the valuable light which he throws on Irish manners. We learn that MacDáthó, a Leinster squire of the period, was the son of two mutes. This proves that the evils of intermarriage between deaf and dumb persons had not yet dawned on the Hibernian intellect. "The consekens of this manœuvre," MacDáthó, was neither dumb nor deaf, and was envied by the nobility and gentry for "having the pig—no falsehood." It would seem that this pig was a unique possession. MacDáthó also had a hound, Ailbe, which could run all round Leinster in one day. Envoys from a variety of Royal families came to MacDáthó to get the pig, and he received them at the local hostelry. "This was one of the five hostellries of Ireland at that time, and there used to be boiling water in it always."

If we are not to suspect poetical exaggeration, this statement does indeed give a lofty idea of old Irish resources. Doubtless there was whisky too, and honey (sugar had not been invented), so that "the materials" could be had on the shortest notice. With five such hotels, Ireland offered unexampled accommodation. There was no *table d'hôte*, but simply a caldron full of boiling meat, arranged on simple but sporting principles. On alighting at the hotel, the guest thrust a flesh-fork (so they had forks) into the pot and, literally, "took pot-luck." If he did not succeed in catching any meat at the first cast, he got none. The process was hazardous and exciting.

When the envoys of royalty arrived, MacDáthó, in a lordly manner, received them "in the bed." We conjecture that the bed was the only commodity of that kind. The messengers bid for the hound, offering 6,000 kine, a chariot with two horses (a jaunting car, perhaps), with other objects of value. Coin appears to have been scarce or unknown.

Perplexed by fear of offending the competitors, MacDáthó remained three days fasting. Finally he summoned two whole provinces—Ulster and Connaught—and on this occasion had fifty beds made up. The hostile nations met, crying "*Croppies lie down*"—no doubt they had been deadly foes since 300 B.C. "Let the pig be killed for them," said MacDáthó. This was no common porker. "On venom

had that pig been reared," and sixty oxen were needed to draw its dead body. Doubtless MacDáthó had swept the board with that prize animal at all the agricultural shows.

Who was to carve the pig? The warriors began a contest of *gabs*, or brags. One chief had never slept without the head of a Connaught man under his knee, so he said. This proves that the Irish in the old ancient times were head-hunters, like the Dyaks. Conall took a head out of his belt, where he generally wore an ornament of that kind; he threw it at Cet, and drove the blood from his mouth. A cut-glass decanter "aimed low" was recommended in later years by Considine as a substitute for the old ancient missile. The row began. "There was an evil custom in the house, the people of one side throwing stones at the people of the other side." Fourteen hundred gentlemen of Ulster and Connaught perished on this heroic occasion. MacDáthó then slipped the hound, "to see what side he would take," and he aided the Ulstermen, doubtless from Orange proclivities. Unluckily somebody knocked his head off with the pole of a chariot.

"And this is how Ulster and Connaught fell out about the hound of MacDáthó and about his pig."

That is all the tale. We may allow for a slight exaggeration as to the magnificent proportions of the pig. But the agreeable manners are, doubtless, drawn from the life. This was the ideal or golden age of Ireland, and the ructions were on a Titanic scale. Boiling water was always ready. There is plenty of it still; and the evil custom of throwing stones is not wholly abolished. Even had it been unknown, the venom-fed pig must have disagreed with the heroes. Poison is not unfamiliar in Irish annals. As the poet sings—

These Geraldines, these Geraldines, came over with Strong Bow;
They caused some most disgraceful scenes, and poisoned Owen Roe.
Oh, had they met o'er Dublin Stout, and o'er the potheen pure,
His foot had been on his native heath, his foemen on the flue;
But they dared not match at equal arms that martyr without stain,
So they worked with Hamburg sherry, and the cruel cheap champagne!
Och, wirastrue, and chrom-a-bhoo, and wherefore did they so?
The Curse of Cromwell light on them that poisoned Owen Roe!

VERDI'S OTELLO IN PARIS.

FOR the second time within the last six months has the Italian Muse triumphed in France; the land of harmony has still its eloquence, and when it breaks out in accents as powerful as those which Verdi sounds with the voice of his genius, there is little room for aught else but reverent admiration and sincere enthusiasm. To-day, when the excitement of the *première* is over, when the great success of *Otello* is an accomplished fact, and when the *éclat* of the victory has subjugated the most rebellious minds, one cannot help casting a brief retrospective glance on the events of the fortnight preceding the production, just to see *à quoi tient un succès à Paris*. Everywhere else, even in anti-artistic and unmusical, though music-worshipping, London, the success of an unknown or new work is an affair between the value of this work and the understanding of the public at large. Not so in Paris. In the Ville Lumière the most trivial reason can divert public opinion into undesirable channels, and a newspaper *entrefilet*, somebody's vanity not satisfied, a visit made at the wrong time, or the refusal of some childish requests, can cause grave prejudice to a theatrical production, or, indeed, jeopardize its prospects of success—no matter what the value of a work of art may be. Worse than all, a silly joke or a pun can hall-mark a cunning production long before it actually takes place, and if the *blague* be at all to the taste of a dozen boulevardiers, it remains tacked on to the work as a permanent label, and, ten to one, there is an end of all its eventual chances.

All this, and more, has happened within the last fortnight; and, really, it wanted all the power and the magic of Verdi's genius to silence the malicious barking of the pack of "vested interests," and to get the better of the Parisian *blague*. It is hardly worth while to reproduce the details of the disgraceful campaign originated against the work and the Master because M. Arthur Meyer has been refused a box for the dress rehearsal of *Otello*. One may, however, mention *en passant* how the critics felt insulted because

Verdi took no notice of them during the *répétition générale*, and how immediately somebody wrote to say that the Théâtre National de l'Opéra has become under MM. Gailhard and Bertrand a refuge for foreign composers. And by way of documentary evidence one may cite the *Otello* jokes—such jokes! Every production has provoked one that stuck to it; Saint-Saëns's *Aesculapius* has become *la malle à Gouffé* because of a scene in which a shrine with a body in it has been seen on the stage. Massenet's *Le Mage* contains a last act in which a colossal statue of the goddess Djahi towers over the smoking ruins of a destroyed city; immediately this was likened to Louise Michel making her *pot-au-feu*. Reyer's *Salammbo* has become *ça l'embête*. *Lohengrin* was turned into *l'eau en grain*. The *Walküre* is thus described:—"La Valkyrie, mais ne rit pas qui l'avale"; and, in fine, a correspondent has been greeted by his colleagues of the Paris press with the query, "Ah! vous êtes venu pour pomper?"—!!—"Ben oui, pour ôter l'eau!" Perfectly sane men will delight in such feeble flights of second-hand wit; but the height of delirium has been reached over a supposed *bon mot* from the *foyer de la danse* on the ballet that Verdi had composed especially for the Paris production. Let us say at once that the ballet adds nothing to the lustre of the production and does not augment in the least the value of the work. The whole thing is a mistake; but to condemn it on purely musical or artistic grounds was not found sufficient, and the *soiristes* jumped at the above referred to *bon mot*, which sounds as follows:—"Verdi n'est pas fichu d'ménigite pour écrire ce ballet." Not bad for a *danseuse* this, but one could not hear anything else after the third act—in which this ballet takes place—but, "Did you hear what *la petite S.* said?" Well, we did hear it, and by this time the whole of Paris repeats it; and, were this ballet even a masterpiece, "*le coup de la ménigite*" would prove too strong for it.

Thus does a success in Paris hang on trifles. But the victory won by Verdi is none the less decisive and imposing, and the majority of the *premièristes* have displayed an enthusiasm in greeting the work which is little in the polite traditions of the Opéra. It must be said, also, that M. Gailhard, who has accepted every responsibility of the mounting and the staging of *Otello*, has provided frame worthy of the work, and Verdi has lost no opportunity in testifying his high appreciation of all that was done to make the production perfect. It is on occasions like the one under consideration that one recognizes best the claim of the Opéra as the first *théâtre créateur* in the world; it has been given to us to follow Verdi's masterpiece since its production at the Scala in 1887, throughout Italy, Germany, Spain, &c.; we have heard the work performed in various languages, even in Czech at Prague, and, despite all familiarity with the score, it seemed as if the *première* of the Opéra was that of a comparatively new work. At least, the whole thing had its proper physiognomy, not only taken as an *ensemble*, but in a multitude of small details. First of all, there was the inestimable advantage of having a Desdemona in Mme. Rose Caron, a very great artist with a very unpleasant voice; but, what between a most refined style of singing, a wonderful diction, the beauty of deportment, and a remarkable talent for identifying herself with the character represented, Mme. Rose Caron is so far the first *Desdemona* we have seen—and this is also Verdi's opinion. Then there was M. Maurel, who created the part of Iago originally, and whose style has sobered a good deal under the salutary influence of M. Gailhard, and the other artists who are as good actors as he is; then there was M. Saléza, a tenor with a rather small, if sympathetic, voice, but endowed with rare intelligence, admirable actor and singer, and who made a capital *Otello*. The smaller parts of Emilia, Cassio, Montano, Lodovico, Rodrigo, &c., were all in the hands of excellent artists—M. Vaguet, who played Cassio, being among the first tenors of the Opéra—the choruses were really first rate, and the orchestra simply admirable. There was an old score to be settled between Verdi and the orchestra of the Opéra—in 1863 they had refused to rehearse for the Master and walked out, Verdi returning only some twenty years later to the Opéra after this—and everybody had it at heart to please the wonderful man. Finally, there was M. Gailhard to direct the partial rehearsals until Verdi's arrival, and to revise the whole *mise-en-scène*, scenery, costumes, &c. Were it not that the limits of this account cannot be exceeded, it would be interesting to describe the details of the *mise-en-œuvre* and

of the *mise-en-scène* of *Otello*; for it is around these that the interest of the Paris production centres from our point of view, the work being quite familiar to London audiences, and having already been sufficiently discussed in these columns. But we can only indicate some of the points which might be permanently adopted for our own stage devices.

One remarkable invention should be considered first of all, that of the machinery of the tempest which opens *Otello*; it occupies about half the back of the stage, and consists of a series of wooden frames and beams connected by a number of pendulums horizontally placed and moving freely up and down as this or that part of the frame sinks or mounts; the whole is covered with painted canvas, and the movement of the frames and pendulums gives one a complete illusion of the movement of the waves, and is regulated *ad lib.* to simulate calm or storm. There are empty spaces—alleys—left between the frames to admit the passage of various engines, and these have been used in this case for a fleet of five vessels accompanying the galley of the Moor. The rolling clouds during the tempest are produced by means of magic lanterns projecting the images on a cloth of muslin, known here as *toile anglaise*, and which costs, painted, 24*l.* for the dimensions of the Opéra stage. Three more cloths divide this last-named from the back cloth, and as they disappear gradually, and, owing to a special system of lights, all but imperceptibly, there appears what is to all intents and purposes a star-covered sky. Few and far between initially, the stars seem finally to set ablaze a horizon without limits; the usual device consists in having a back cloth pierced in hundreds of places, and to light gas or electric lights behind it. At the Opéra a starry sky is represented by an azure back-cloth, on which are hooked countless small luminous discs, and which is kept in constant and gradual motion; the effect of an energetic tug is absolutely fairy-like. The scenery of the third act is also worthy of notice, as the best reproduction of a kind of vision of the mosque at Cordova. The costumes, with the exception of the extravagantly bejewelled and begilded one worn by M. Maurel, are marvels of historical precision; one would think as many Carpaccios had stepped out of their frames. It remains only to chronicle that, of the four acts of *Otello*, the second and fourth have produced here the deepest impression; the first pleases much, but is not yet well understood, and the third is not liked.

The President of the Republic had Verdi summoned to his box between the first and the second acts, and there, "de par le peuple français," invested the grand old Italian with the insignia of the "grand'-croix de la Légion d'Honneur." Verdi is the first foreign citizen on whom France has bestowed her highest honorific distinction. The ceremonial which ordains that the red sash be worn "sur la poitrine" requires that the recipient should be coatless before the investiture, whilst four generals help him on with his coat and waistcoat afterwards.

Verdi on his side has announced that he gives his *droits d'auteur* for fifteen performances to the poor of Paris, 2*l.* to the Artists' Provident Institution, and 4*l.* to the "petit personnel" of the Opéra. The whole thing, as done *coram populo*, might have appeared a trifle theatrical, but no one was unmoved when the leonine head of the great master appeared in the Presidential box, and the cheers which rose then to greet this glory of the Latin genius were as enthusiastic as they were sincere.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

THE present exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters at the New Gallery contains rather too large a proportion of portraits that are distinctly medium, or of merely superficial dexterity, to be accounted as excellent altogether, as some previous exhibitions of the Society at the Grafton Gallery or the Institute. There seems to be some law, the grounds of which, though not beyond conjecture, are impossible to justify, by which the whole wall-space available at all our picture exhibitions is to be occupied. The result is that, at the New Gallery, the paintings that are of permanent interest and distinction—and we admit there is enough of these to repay the visitor's inspection—are dispersed, without systematic arrangement, among the mass of uninspired and ordinary work. A more intelligent method of hanging would, at least, have separated foreign

examples of portraiture from English, and might have still further illustrated the value of comparison by placing together the works of the painter who shows more than one painting. Comparison is instructive, and, as an eminent painter and critic has said, there is nothing so useful. Here, for instance, are portraits by Mr. G. F. Watts which, if brought together, would prove an advantage to those who would study them. But the masterly portrait of Mrs. Cameron (145) and the admirable "Mrs. Percy Wyndham" (7) are placed as far apart as possible, as if to suggest the interval of time between their respective periods of production. In the same room, however, where the first-named painting is shown are two fine drawings by Mr. Watts, portraits of Miss Fenwick (105) and Sir Henry Taylor (110). Here, also, is the single contribution of Sir John Millais, the splendidly painted and well-known portrait, "Mrs. Charles Wertheimer" (138), an epitome of the artist's powers as comprehensive and convincing as the "Duchess of Westminster" now at the Grafton Gallery. Opposite to this superb work is one of the principal contributions of foreign artists, M. Gandara's portrait of the Princess Chimay (120), a tall and stately lady, in sheeny white. The pose of the figure is somewhat over-studied, and almost stagey, yet truly grandiose in effect, and painted with remarkable firmness and breadth. No. 108, by M. Rolshoven, may be mentioned here as one of the most charming of several children's portraits. Professor Herkomer's immense canvas "Miss Letty Lind" (130), despite the poetic symbolism of its rainbow and the suggestion of vaporous flying skirts, like the clouds of the passing shower, can scarcely be regarded as a satisfactory representation of the poetry of dancing. In the West Room are some excellent portraits by Mr. Shannon, Mr. John Lavery, Mr. Ouless, Mr. John Collier, and Mr. Percy Bigland. Like most of the more important works of the exhibition, some of these have been previously shown and will be tolerably familiar to visitors. Professor von Lembach's excellent "Count von Moltke" (31) is a good example of the artist's invariably sound work. It is capable and solid, if not particularly revealing portraiture. Mr. Collier's portrait, "Miss Brenda Pattinson" (41), the lady reclining on a sofa, is notable for grace and refinement, and is not less agreeable in colour. The same artist shows also a capital full-length portrait of Mr. W. H. Pollock (11), in fencing dress, with other works previously exhibited that are better known to the public.

Prince Troubetskoe's "Home Rule portrait," as it is called, of Mr. Gladstone (12) is certain to attract much attention, both for the interest of the subject and its undoubted cleverness. We have seen more pleasing work by M. Bonnat than the study of a head, "Mrs. Margaret Talbot" (98), more pleasing, that is to say, in colour. The imposing portrait of "Mrs. Campbell Clarke" (44), by M. Carolus Duran, was, we believe, exhibited at the Salon a year or two since, and is in mere *technique* a masterpiece. Perhaps few will venture to assert that it enchant us at once and for ever as a Romney does or a Gainsborough, except indeed those who esteem flawless *technique* above all other qualities in a portrait painter. Posterity may find a charm in the painter's *modernité* of which contemporaries are only partly sensible. Some of the pictures at the New Gallery are, by the way, modern in the most superficial sense only. They suggest that the reminder is needed that the painting of modern costume, however dashing and skilful it may be, does not make the painter a modernist. The impeccable craftsmanship of masters like M. Carolus Duran may be here studied side by side with portraits in which the painting of the fashionable gown is the one thing successfully attempted. All else that makes for portraiture is entirely missed. There are portraits that are expressionless, uncharacterized, without form, and ill-modelled, or without modelling altogether. And if the sitter counts for nothing in such work, scarcely more satisfactory are the portraits of those who affect the academic conventions of a past age. Mr. Herman Herkomer's "Mrs. Wansbrough" (69), for instance, and "The Marchioness of Londonderry" (73), of Mr. Ellis Roberts, are merely mannered efforts in this direction. Very different in effect is the true and moving charm of portraits so diverse in style as Mr. Guthrie's beautiful and finely designed "Mrs. Garroway" (92); Mr. Shannon's sparkling and delightful "Mrs. Creelman" (158); or Mr. Walton's piquant "Mrs. E. L. Walton" (26); portraits that are frankly modern in all respects, in each of which the painter's style is manifested in the execu-

tion. Among other notable portraits we must name the "Mme. Lebègue" (30), a fine work by Bastien Lepage, strongly Holbeinesque in character; a "Study in Orange and Blue" (71), by M. Besnard; M. Cormon's vivacious and powerful portrait of "M. Allard" (63); Mr. Guthrie's "Joseph Russell, Esq." (130); Mr. Llewellyn's "Portrait of a Baby" (99); and Miss Ethel Wright's "Mrs. Braunstein" (59). In the Entrance Hall are shown a series of Mr. Leslie Ward's drawings for *Vanity Fair*, a collection of miniatures, and portrait busts by Signor Amendola, Mr. Alfred Drury, M. Jules Dalou, and a fine portrait of a lady in low relief by Mr. Stirling Lee.

MONEY MATTERS.

WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD MINES.

WE would advise the investing public to be very cautious how they subscribe to the West Australian Gold Mining Companies which are coming out so fast in the City. That there is gold in Western Australia we do not dispute; indeed, some extraordinary discoveries have been made. But the gold as yet found lay upon the surface, and time enough has not passed to ascertain whether the ore extends deep down, or, if there are reefs, how they run, and of what richness they may be. In spite of that, however, fifty or sixty Companies have already been brought out; and it is notorious that there are multitudes of other promoters ready to launch new Companies if the public subscribe freely. These gentlemen may be perfectly honest; but honesty is not enough in matters of this kind. It is commonly said in the City that many of them have no engineering or geological knowledge, that several of them have not even practical mining experience, and that some have not thought it necessary to visit the district. They are full of sanguine hopes, and they have hurried to London to dispose of their properties as fast as they can. As we have already said, the properties may be very valuable; but, for anything any one can tell in this country, they may be almost worthless. Further, in several cases the price asked swallows up so much of the capital that scarcely anything is left for working the mines, even assuming those to be exceedingly rich. Everybody who knows anything at all about Western Australia is aware that it is little better than a desert; that, owing to the want of water and the thickness of the bush, colonists have turned away from it. Therefore it is clear that, assuming the gold to exist in paying quantities, it will be very costly to work the mines. Water will have to be obtained by artificial process, the district will have to be cleared, the railways will have to be extended, roads will have to be made. Every Company, then, will need a large working capital. But in many instances the working capital provided is exceedingly small. In these cases it is clear that before very long the Companies will either have to raise fresh money or to stop working. Bearing all this in mind, our readers will agree with us, we hope, in the opinion that the opening up of this new goldfield ought to be left to local capitalists and local miners. There is much work to be done, in the way of prospecting and developing the supposed mines, before it will be safe for investors in this country to subscribe money. When local capitalists and local miners have carried through this preliminary work, and have proved that gold exists in quantities likely to pay handsome returns, it will be time enough for applications to be made to the London money market. It will be recollect that when the Transvaal fields were first discovered there was the same eagerness to sell in London, the same demand for high prices, and the same rush of new Companies. Very soon the Companies became embarrassed. Sometimes the management was disgracefully bad; sometimes the cost of development was so great that even now the mines do not pay. And yet it is established beyond all question that the Transvaal goldfields are amongst the very richest in the world. If disappointment and loss followed in so many cases in what is now proved to be so rich a district, is it not reasonably certain that the same experience awaits those reckless investors who, without inquiry and without proof offered, accept the assurances of sanguine promoters that the Western Australian goldfield will turn out to be a second Transvaal? The assu-

ances may, of course, be verified by the result; but the prudent investor will wait for clear evidence before he risks his money. That it is desirable to examine this new field carefully, and to work the mines where mines are unquestionably found to exist, we do not for a moment dispute. But the preliminary work will best be done by capitalists and miners upon the spot. They will find no difficulty in raising money enough to carry on their operations. If, however, capitalists at home decide upon venturing, they should either visit the district themselves or send out qualified persons to report to them. There may be much gold, for example, in one part of the district, and none at all a little way off; and unless they are properly informed they may buy the wrong property. So far as the ordinary public is concerned, we say without hesitation that they will act prudently if they wait until there has been sufficient prospecting and development. If, however, any one is too impatient to do this, he will be well advised to consider carefully, firstly, whether there is any evidence that gold has been found in the particular property offered for sale; secondly, whether the capital proposed is unduly large; and, thirdly, how much of the purchase-money is proposed to be paid to the promoter, and what proportion is retained for working capital. With regard to the first of the inquiries we have said enough already. In our opinion no sufficient evidence is forthcoming, and the prudent man will, therefore, not invest. With regard to the second question, we would say that 10 per cent. is the very least which the investor ought to look for in so risky a matter. Suppose it is proposed to raise a capital of 200,000*l.*, there ought to be a reasonable prospect that there will be net profits available for dividend amounting to at least 20,000*l.* a year. What is the probability that this will be forthcoming? What is the extent of the property? How much must be raised, and what must be the proportion of gold to give such a dividend? Thirdly, and lastly, we come to the question of working capital. Out of the 200,000*l.*, how much is retained for working capital? Will it be sufficient to provide water where there are no rivers, to purchase machinery, to set it up, to open up the mines, to sink shafts, to carry out all the preliminary work that may reasonably be expected to be necessary before dividends can be paid? And if, according to the experience of other goldfields, the working capital is not sufficient for all this, what is to happen when it is all spent? Is the intending investor prepared to subscribe for more shares, or to purchase debentures?

There is little change to report in the money market. Bankers and bill-brokers are trying to raise rates, but although quotations are somewhat higher, not very much success attends their efforts, because business is checked by political apprehensions. Those political apprehensions, nevertheless, justify bankers in refusing to lend at very low rates. If they become more acute, it is quite possible that the great military Governments of the Continent may increase largely their war treasures. There is already a considerable demand for Germany. It looks as if a demand for France would soon spring up. Austria and Hungary are both anxious to accumulate enough of gold to resume specie payments quickly. And it is understood that Russia is withdrawing from Berlin considerable amounts held there on deposit at present. But although bankers are aware of all this, their efforts to raise rates are defeated, as already said, by the slackness of business, and by the very large receipts of gold from South Africa and Australasia, as well as by the belief that gold will be shipped largely from New York by-and-by.

The India Council on Wednesday offered as usual 40 lakhs of rupees for public tender, and sold the whole amount at about 12. 13*d.* per rupee. The Council, it will be seen, continues very successful in the disposal of its drafts. The silver market, on the other hand, is sluggish. The negotiations for a Chinese loan, though still going on, are yet dragging. In any case it does not seem likely that much silver will be taken either by China or Japan, for the expenditure of both in Europe is large for ships and munitions of war of all kinds. Whatever may be borrowed, therefore, is not likely to exceed what the belligerent Governments will have to pay for these purchases.

Upon the Stock Exchange there is grave anxiety, which is fully justified by the reports concerning the illness of the Czar and the rumours of the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and the continuance of the war between China and Japan. Those who engaged in the late unwise speculation have suffered a considerable loss from the fall in prices that has taken place, and as it is believed that many of them are not pecuniarily strong, it is feared that some, at least, may be unable to meet their engagements. For the moment, therefore, there is much more disposition to sell than to buy. Upon the Continent likewise there is much anxiety. For several years past French investors have bought immense amounts of Russian securities. It is estimated that the holdings in France at present of all kinds of Russian stocks—State and Industrial—amount to five or six hundred millions sterling. Probably that is a gross exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the investments are of great magnitude. It is natural, therefore, that the illness of the Czar and the uncertainty as to the character of the Czarewitch should lead many holders to sell, and this week there has in consequence been a further fall in Russian bonds. Over and above this, the doubt whether the Czarewitch would continue the foreign policy of his father is depressing markets. There is less apprehension in Germany and Austria, for it is believed that the Czarewitch is much more German in his sympathies than his father. Still, in both countries there has been a decline in prices, and, of course, there is much disquiet. In the United States exports of gold have begun again. The public both in America and in this country hoped that when the Tariff Bill was passed confidence would be restored, Europeans would begin to invest in America once more, and the withdrawals of gold would in consequence cease. The hope has been utterly disappointed. There is no restoration of confidence; on the contrary, the very low prices for American produce in Europe are checking exports from the United States, while since the passing of the Tariff Act the imports have decidedly increased. The debt due from the United States to Europe has thereby been augmented. The probability appears to be, then, that gold shipments on a considerable scale will continue. Possibly they may not amount to much for a month or two. But in January immense sums will have to be paid in Europe in the way of interest on dividends, and to make the payments large amounts of gold will probably have to be sent. But if there were to be considerable gold shipments, it is highly probable that alarm would spring up. Above all, the war in the Far East is exercising a very depressing effect in every market. The European Powers and the United States are largely interested in China, and if the dynasty were to be overthrown or the country to be plunged in anarchy, all of them might be compelled to act, or circumstances might arise which would lead to serious complications. There is less alarm than there was a week or two since respecting our relations with France; but the fact remains that those relations are not satisfactory, and at any moment the public feel that a hitch may arise with respect to Madagascar. In spite of all, there was a good deal of speculation in South African and Western Australian gold shares early in the week. But on Wednesday even these markets felt the effect of the general disquiet, and selling began upon a large scale, leading to a considerable decline in quotations. Even general trade has been somewhat checked. Very few people care to engage in new risks of any kind while there is so much uncertainty. Trade, however, is improving very slowly, and will continue to improve if peace is preserved. We are inclined to think, therefore, that those who are selling Home Railway stocks speculatively are making a mistake. Of course, it is true that the dividends will not be very good for the current half-year, and it is also certain that, if war breaks out, all prices will fall. But, on the other hand, if peace is preserved, there will be a certain recovery in the Home Railway market, and therefore we venture to think that investors will buy at every fall.

There is little change worth noting in the quotations of British, Indian, and Colonial Government stocks; but there is a general decline in Home Railway stocks. Thus, Caledonian Undivided closed on Thursday at 122, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; North Staffordshire closed at 133, a fall of 1; Great Western closed at 164*½*, a fall of 1*½*; Deferred Midland closed at 154*½*, likewise a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; North-Eastern closed at 162, a fall of

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1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Western closed at 174 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market there is a decidedly lower level of quotations. To begin with the sound dividend-paying shares, we find that Lake Shore shares closed on Thursday at 138, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday. Coming next to the shares of Companies which were some time ago embarrassed, but have for some years now been paying dividends, we find that Baltimore and Ohio closed at 70 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of as much as 7 compared with the preceding week. Coming next to the more speculative kind of bonds, we find that Atchison Four per Cent. Gold Mortgage bonds closed at 69, a fall of 2. And coming last to the speculative shares, we find that Central Pacific closed at 15 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. The International department is likewise lower. Thus, Argentine Four per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 67 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall for the week of 1; and the Funding Loan closed at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a fall of 1; while Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Ordinary stock closed at 103, also a fall of 1. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 77, a fall of 1; French Threes closed at 101, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; German Threes closed at 92 $\frac{1}{2}$, likewise a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Russian Fours closed at 97 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, South African diamond and gold shares are higher. Thus, De Beers closed on Thursday at 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and New Jagers Fontein closed at 15, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

REVIEWS.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Navy Records Society—State Papers relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, anno 1588. Edited by J. K. LAUGHTON, M.A., R.N. Vol. I. Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1894.

WE welcome this first fruits of the labours of the Navy Records Society with pleasure. The volume may be described as first fruits in a double sense, for it is the first of two which are to be devoted to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. We are not sure that this is of all the passages in the history of the navy precisely the one which most requires elucidation, but the choice of subject was well made. It is desirable for all societies to go off with a good grace, and the Navy Records could hardly have chosen a better, certainly not a more popular, point to start from than the defeat of the Invincible Armada. It has been complained that Englishmen are indifferent to their history, and there is certainly no part of it of which they appear to care to know less than of the naval side. But they do know of the Armada, and of the battle of Trafalgar, perhaps because these great events have been written about in the kind of way which compels attention. Whatever the cause may be, this is the fact, and the Society has been well advised to begin with the repulse of "that great fleet Invincible." Its name, familiar to the ear, will make Englishmen realize all the more rapidly that there is such a body in existence as the Navy Records Society, and render them the more disposed to expect good of its labours.

Mr. Laughton opens with an instructive introduction. He abstains, we observe, from the use of the word "Invincible," on the ground that it was not officially applied by the King of Spain's Government. We cannot profess to share this respect for the authority of clerks and the formulas of chancellaries. The word was used from the beginning, and is consecrated by time. Moreover it may, without doing violence to language, be fairly said to be the best equivalent for the adjective actually employed by Spanish official persons, which was "felicissima"—that is, very fortunate, to translate literally. But very fortunate in war is very victorious—and the difference between that and invincible is not great. Moreover, "invincible" was certainly what the official persons meant, and Don Cesareo Duro has used the accepted word without scruple in the collection of Spanish papers which may fairly be said to have supplied Mr. Laughton with his model. On another point we have to differ from the editor—if, indeed, we clearly understand him—that it is a kind of "nonsense" to represent the Armada as a species of crusade instigated by the Pope in order to bring heretical England once more into the fold of the true Church. "In reality," says Mr. Laughton, "nothing can be more inaccurate." This seems very clear; but then the editor goes on to allow that "it is, indeed, quite certain that religious

bitterness was imported into the quarrel, but the war had its origin in two perfectly clear and wholly mundane causes"—namely, the dispute as to the right of trade with America and English interference with the Low Countries. Well, a good deal depends on when "religious bitterness" was imported and to what extent. We remember that one of Philip's reasons for being particularly anxious to exclude Englishmen and Huguenots from the New World was that they were heretics. Menendez de Aviles, when he suppressed Ribault's filibustering expedition to Florida, gave quarter to the Catholics, but put all "Luteranos" to the sword. The quarrel between Philip and his subjects in the Low Countries was religious in origin, and so was much, if not all, of the sympathy felt for the rebels in England. His partisans in England were the Roman Catholics, and his enemies the "heretics." But, indeed, the correspondence of the King with Alva, Diego de Guzman, Guerau de Spes, and Bernardino de Mendoza is full of evidence that he considered it his duty to keep heresy out of his own dominions and to bring England back to the fold if he could. Mr. Laughton himself quotes a letter of Hawkins's (p. 61), and another of Drake's (p. 149), which show that they at least looked at the war as a religious one. Does Mr. Laughton doubt that, if Philip had got the upper hand, he would not have endeavoured to remove the "heretic" Queen and promote a restoration of the old order, which must have been accompanied by a revival of the persecution of Mary's reign? The fact is that it is difficult to say into what religion did not enter in the sixteenth century. When a writer describes the opinions of learned and able predecessors as inaccurate, and implies that they are "nonsense," he should support his strong language by stronger arguments than are supplied by Mr. Laughton. It is a pity, too, that he cannot keep from girding at Mr. Froude, which is unmannly for one thing and futile for another. We prefer Mr. Laughton when he draws on his unrivalled knowledge of the recondite parts of our naval history. His explanation of such phrases as "six upon four"—i.e. six men in a mess on the rations of four—and his estimate of the real strength of the two fleets which contended in the Channel in 1588 are sound editorial work. We cannot altogether agree with his estimate of the damage done to the Armada in the fight off Gravelines. If the Spanish ships were so hammered as he believes, it is curious that none of them struck. Their retreat can surely be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that their powder was exhausted, and that they had learnt their inability to force on a close action with active enemies who were exceedingly careful to keep at a distance, and who had the advantage of the wind.

The documents edited by Mr. Laughton begin with a "Relation of Proceedings," which he attributes, with every appearance of foundation, to Lord Howard. It is a clearly written, though not exceptionally interesting, account of the coming, and of the passing away, of the Armada. Mr. Laughton appends a curious note to one passage. It is to the words, "The Admiral sent his pinnace, named the *Disdain*, to give the Duke of Medina defiance." To this Mr. Laughton adds, at the foot of the page, "This is not mentioned in any of the State Papers, though the Lord Admiral's pinnace, *Disdain*, is." Whatever may be the case with the State Papers, the incident and the pinnace are both mentioned by Camden, in his *Annales*, in the words:—"Vicesimo primo Julii Anglie Admirallus præmissa celoce Defiance dicta *Displacione* denuntiavit." Perhaps Mr. Laughton wishes to remind us that a well-informed contemporary writer is often a better authority than a State Paper. If so we entirely agree with him. Howard's letters in the volume are wholly to his honour. The best of them were known already. Mr. Motley, for instance, had already quoted the tart note to Winter in which the Admiral, commenting on the peace negotiations and the mischief they might do, prays that "We do not curse for this a long grey beard with a white head, witless." Mr. Laughton very rightly differs from Mr. Motley, who takes it for granted that the allusion here is to Burleigh, and not to Sir James Crofts, the envoy. Lord Howard's spirit as a commander is well shown by the passages of his letters in which he argues strongly for the wisdom of attacking the Spaniards at home. He also appears in a favourable light in defending Hawkins against charges of corruption in his office. There is a good deal about this accusation in the Papers. A long report by Pett and Baker, besides giving a curious account of the system on which the navy was managed, leaves the impression that something like a malignant attack was made on Hawkins. He was roundly accused of pilfering and neglect. Yet when the ships were put to the test, they were found in excellent condition. Howard never misses an opportunity of extolling their efficiency, and the merits of Hawkins. Another dispute of the time which turns up in these Papers was the quarrel between Borough and Drake. They had come in contact during the

expedition to the coast of Spain in 1587. Borough accused Drake of intending to get rid of him as he did of Mr. Doughty, and Drake accused Borough of running away. There is every reason for supposing that both were deliberately saying the "thing which was not." Reports from traders and sailors of the strength of the Armada and its movements are to be found in some numbers. They are all very wild, and, indeed, it is curious to see how ill informed the Queen's Government was, and how much doubt there was down to the last whether the Armada was really coming. The report of one Robert Keble, "master of a hoy, part of Ipswich and part of Harwich," throws some light on the feelings with which our neighbours regarded the coming Armada. He had been to "Newhaven" (Nieuport, near Ostende), and had there had this experience:—

"He also saith that he heard both the Scots and the French say that they looked for them of Spain daily; and that when they came they would join with them. . . . He saith the Scots fell out with him and caused him to pay thirty crowns to the church there and other places, by order of the governor's officers; and that the governor would not hear him speak for his answer and trial. He saith that the Scots said unto him that if they might catch him at sea, they would heave him and his overboard, and all other Englishmen, and would pull their hearts out of their bodies; calling them English dogs, saying they would be revenged of the blood of their Queen."

The answers of the towns which were called upon to supply men and ships to reinforce the fleet are of interest. Their tone shows that the nation did by no means rise in a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm to meet the invader. On the contrary, they all show a marked desire that the burden should be laid on somebody else. Complaints that their men have been already pressed, that their ships are absent or too small, and lamentations over their decaying trade are nearly universal. Southampton was particularly emphatic. Some plead that the embargo on Spanish trade had nearly ruined them, and all agree that they had lost rather than gained by "reprisals"—that is, by privateering. We have left ourselves no room to do more than merely refer to the many papers dealing with the victualling of the ships. Mr. Laughton thinks that the Queen's parsimony cannot be held responsible for the undoubted defects in that respect. The actual fighting with the Armada occupies a very small part of the book. Perhaps we shall have more of it in the next volume. As yet, we cannot say that these State Papers possess the colour or romantic interest of the documents published by Don Cesareo Duro.

OLD HAILEYBURY.

Memorials of Old Haileybury College. By FREDERIC CHARLES DANVERS, Sir M. MONIER-WILLIAMS, Sir STEUART COLVIN BAYLEY, PERCY WIGRAM, the late BRAND SAPTE, and many Contributors. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1894.

THIS is not so much a book as a collection of papers by various hands, not a history but a mass of material. A great deal of it, as is natural, appeals mainly to old Haileyburians and has comparatively little interest for the general public. The bulk of the book consists of Sir M. Monier-Williams's reminiscences as student first, afterwards as professor; of Mr. Percy Wigram's list of students at the College, with short notes of their subsequent career, and of the same author's record of active services done by old Haileyburians during the Mutiny. Sir S. Bayley contributes a chapter on "College Literature," which, from the specimens given, seems to have been neither better nor worse than the generality of such productions, and having in its time, no doubt, amused its writers a good deal and its readers a little, might well have been left to oblivion.

Sir M. Monier-Williams says a good deal about the state of discipline at Haileybury. Any one who reads his account with care and gathers the hints scattered here and there through his narrative will, we fancy, carry away the impression left on our mind that, though there was much exaggeration in the worst tales which used to be told of the place, there was always a strong rowdy element among the students, and that those in authority over them were not always very judicious in their handling. The task of principal and professors was no doubt rendered more difficult by the fact that their employers, the Directors of the East India Company, nominated the students—often relatives of their own—who may well have felt that, having friends at court, they might commit breaches of discipline on which, in other circumstances, they would not have ventured. Another difficulty, no doubt, though Sir M. Monier-Williams does not state it in so many words, was that there were very few men in those days who had the knowledge necessary for teaching some of the subjects required of men who were to take part in

the government of India; the Directors had first of all to find their scholar, and could not afford to inquire whether he was also a strong and judicious disciplinarian. The result is that, in the interesting account which Sir M. Monier-Williams gives us of the distinguished men who were numbered among the Haileybury professors, the eccentricities of some of them are quite as remarkable as their learning. Thus, we read of a Professor of Sanscrit that he was so shy that in chapel he "rarely allowed any one to see his face, his habit being to bend down his head over the cushion, or to bury it in a large silk pocket-handkerchief." Conspicuous, too, for his eccentricities was Richard Jones, who succeeded Malthus and preceded Sir James Stephen as Professor of Political Economy and History. The most amusing pages in the book are those which tell of his appearance, his manner and conversation, his oddities as a preacher, his thoroughly lovable character, and his wholesome taste for port wine. There is an interesting account, too, of Henry Melville, the last Principal of the College, a man who, it is easy to see, was ill suited for such a post, to which he appears to have been appointed through the influence of his brother, the Chief Secretary to the Court of Directors. Pleasing as much of this part of the book is, it is rather too full of insignificant matter, and we would gladly sacrifice, for instance, a description of the pattern of the tea-pot wherewith a worthy professor was tea-potted on his retirement from office for the sake of a more detailed account of student life at Haileybury. That which is given to us, though pleasing enough in its way, strikes us as being less clearly remembered, less picturesque than the account of the professors and their circle, though sufficient to bring back to old Haileyburians a lively recollection of old times, to suggest to outsiders, in a general way, what manner of life they led. We gather that it was less like life at an English University than like Woolwich or Sandhurst—of course, without the military discipline; perhaps, allowing for difference of date, it may have been much the same as at Cooper's Hill, some twenty years ago, and, for all we know, at the present day too. Sir M. Monier-Williams's reminiscences are aptly illustrated by portraits—a gallery where principals and professors hang with grooms and porters on the line, and where the genial countenance and bulky form of Professor Jones are eclipsed by the extraordinary proportions of Coleman, the College purveyor, whose weight is said to have exceeded thirty stone.

The part of the book which has most attraction for us is the record of services performed by old Haileyburians during the Mutiny. Had the discipline and tone of the College been a hundred-fold worse than its bitterest enemies have ever alleged, here is matter to justify Haileybury of her children. We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe the last entry, which we have taken almost at a venture, as an example of the way in which civil no less than military officers risked, and often sacrificed, their lives and their health in doing their duty, and of the ability, no less remarkable than the devotion, with which that duty was done:—

"YULE, SIR GEORGE UDNY. Commissioner of Bhágulpore. A man respected alike by Europeans and natives. By extraordinary energy and resolution he managed to maintain order without European troops in his division till the third week in July. But the mutiny of the 12th Irregular Cavalry and the native regiments at Dinapore and the sedition of Koer Singh compelled him take action, and he did not hesitate to detain ninety men of H.M.'s 5th Fusiliers to garrison Monghyr, thus securing, with Bhágulpore, two salient points, and assuring the navigation of the Ganges—a matter of extreme importance. This also rendered difficult all communication between the disaffected of East and West Behar. Subsequently Yule saw much field service, which cannot here be noticed at length. He was most active in the pursuit and punishment of large bodies of mutineers, driving many of them into Nepaul, not hesitating to follow up over the border the Dacca mutineers. By his promptness and rapidity of movement he saved Parnea and Kishenganj. His vigorous energy, ably supported by the civilians and planters, with but very few regular troops, completely paralysed the movements of the mutineers from Chittagong and Dacca. Wherever there was work and danger in the division, and even beyond its limits, there was Yule."

APPARITIONS AND THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

Apparitions and Thought-Transference. Contemporary Science Series. By FRANK PODMORE. London: Walter Scott. 1894.

"THAT communication is possible between mind and mind, otherwise than through the known channels of the senses," is the thesis of Mr. Podmore's work, *Apparitions and Thought-Transference*. Mr. Arthur Balfour lately remarked that

many persons will tell you that they can make another person look round merely by willing it. He added that, simple as this statement seems to the people who uttered it, it really implies, if true, a marvel beyond all fairy tales of science. It is the evidence for this kind of marvel, taking a great variety of forms, that Mr. Podmore discusses. The testimony, he observes, "is as yet hardly adequate for the establishment of telepathy as a fact in nature"; and by telepathy he practically means the communication between mind and mind, otherwise than through the known channels of the senses. Now, if Mr. Podmore thinks the evidence "hardly adequate," it is not very clear why he adduces it at all, nor, again, do we know how much, and what kind of evidence he would think adequate; while it seems likely that many persons will never yield assent to any evidence at all. We constantly come into collision with the argument of Hume. Mr. Podmore says, "Separately, no doubt, each particular case is susceptible of more or less adequate explanation by some well-known cause; and in the last resort it would be unreasonable to stake the credit of any single witness, however eminent, against what Hume would call the uniform experience of mankind. But, as a matter of fact, the experience of mankind is not uniform in this matter. . ." Mr. Podmore means that, in every age, land, and condition of civilization, mankind has had experiences in conformity with the marvels which he narrates, and *not* uniform with the normal run of experience. If so, Hume argues in a circle, and can only escape from it by the reflection of the earlier David that "all men are liars." But this is just what we have to investigate. Mr. Podmore proceeds:—"When we are forced by the mere accumulation of testimony to go on adding one strained and improbable explanation to another, and to assume at last an epidemic of misrepresentation, perhaps even an organized conspiracy of falsehood, a point is at last reached in which the sum of improbabilities involved in the negation of thought-transference must outweigh the single improbability of a new mode of mental affection." Brierre du Boismont, in his work on Hallucinations, is driven to a similar conclusion. After inventing fancy explanations of a number of "cases," he lays down his arms in presence of an incident which came nearly home to himself. Now it is plain that Mr. Podmore admits a kind of fallacy when he says that reason may practically bring us to accept the existence of "a new mode of mental affection." If he is right in holding, as against Hume, that "the experience of mankind is *not* uniform in this matter," but includes the phenomena of thought-transference in all its shapes, then, of course, the "mode of mental affection" is not "new." It is, or is reported to be, "of all time." The alleged phenomena fall into several "natural groups," which are averred to come within human experience everywhere, from the Eskimos and Ostiaks to the Cafres and the Maoris, while mediæval and classical documents teem with examples. There is nothing "new" here, nor, if "a physical force" be at work in the alleged phenomenon of handling fire unharmed, as reported by Lord Lindsay and others of Home, have we "the discovery of a new physical force" (p. 378). Pallas and Gmelin in Siberia, Brébeuf in North America, Mr. Basil Thomson (in his *South Sea Yarns*) in Fiji, Iamblichus in Egypt, and a variety of modern observers in Bulgaria and among the aboriginal races of India, all report (and many of them long ago reported) the same phenomena. If a "physical force" is at work, the force is as old as other forces. The theory of "suggestion" and collective hallucination is negatived by Mr. Thomson's camera, which photographed the performance. Thus, whether we have to do with a trick, a chemical secret, or a "force," in no alternative is there any novelty in the matter, which, of course, only touches on "thought-transference" if the phenomenon is hallucination. But the antiquity, persistence, and uniformity of "the whole bag of tricks," to speak profanely, is hardly touched on by Mr. Podmore.

Our author, first noting that other phenomena, now accepted, were long neglected or scoffed by science, takes us first through a series of experiments on "thought-transference" in the normal and the hypnotic states. He "hedges" by a list of sources of error, such as hyperesthesia and imposture, conscious or not so conscious. He concludes that, granting the precautions to have been adequate (and many of them have a strong air of accuracy), then thought-transference is a fact. We give one example of an experiment by Professor Richet, mainly because it is picturesque. The Professor placed two of his friends with their hands on a table. When it tilted, it rang a bell. M. Richet or another sat at another table behind, and not visible to these gentlemen. Then he drew his pen slowly over a printed alphabet, and he noted the letters at which he was pointing when the bell of the other table rang. First the bell rang when the pen pointed to the letters V. I. L. L. O. N.

Some French poetry was then asked for, with this result:—

QUSNNTKFSNEIGDRDAMSAM.

This is not very good French poetry, but mark NEIG. The table is obviously aiming at this result:—

QUSNNTKFSNEIGDRDAMSAM

OUSONTLESNEIGESDANTAN.

Où sont les neiges d'antan?

When the table misses the right letter it hits on the letter next it, except in the case of Q, which is next but one to O. We cannot offer a guess as to "how it was done," for by aid of a mirror or collusion the right letter could have been "spotted." Not to "spot it" may have been the artfulness of the table-tilters, or may have resulted from the personal equation of the table. The curious may follow the whole list of experiments, and will probably conclude, if sceptical, that nobody in the world is to be trusted in such experiments. In the same way when Mr. Podmore avers that there are more "coincidental death-wraiths" in proportion to wraiths without any coincidence (p. 147) than the laws of chance will admit, the sceptical may urge that to prove this nothing short of a universal census of the world's population would be of any avail. And if that census told in favour of coincidental death-wraiths, the sceptic would fall back on "all men are liars," or, at least, are inaccurate observers. Thus there is literally no way of producing assent, which must depend on the bias of each individual mind.

Mr. Podmore, after giving all "sources of error," concludes that the best, and best attested, examples "form a true natural group. They are manifestly not the products of folk-lore, nor of popular superstition, nor of the mere love of the marvellous. . . . If these accounts were purely fictitious, it would be difficult to conceive by what process, coming from persons of widely separated social grades, of various degrees of education, and of nationality, they could have been moulded to present such strong internal resemblances." But, as we have already argued, precisely the same statement as to "natural groups," found in every state of culture, age, and country, may be made in favour of "the whole bag of tricks"; all the marvels of Iamblichus, witch trials, and Shamans. We cannot cross-examine dead witnesses, otherwise the parallel is exact, and the inference we leave to Mr. Podmore. He has accounts of gentlemen who spectrally appeared in ladies' bedrooms (e.g. p. 229), which exactly answer to the noted case of Major Weir. But the Major's intentions were not honourable. As Erskine said to Scott, "he was a very ungentlemanlike person." Are we to believe in Major Weir's experiment, or to disbelieve in that of the Rev. Clarence Godfrey? To be sure we have his account, and we have not that of the gaoler of Montrose. Major Weir, we confess, interests us more than the clergyman, but here, of course, the personal bias comes in. We can only leave Mr. Podmore's calm and careful work to the reader, who may "fancy there is something in it," or toss it away with a contemptuous ejaculation; in either case obedient to his natural constitution. But if there is "something in it," that "something" is not of inconsiderable importance. "We shall soon know clearer than prophets." It may be hinted that, even if "telepathy" is accepted as *vera causa*, still, to make it explain several of Mr. Podmore's tales, the *causa* has to be strained to breaking point. Some one, for instance, sees an old librarian, some time dead, in his library. This is because some one else, somewhere, is thinking about the old librarian! The explanation is too attenuated.

MATERIALIST MALGRÉ ELLE.

The Spirit World. By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "There is No Death." London: White & Co.

THREE or four years ago Miss Marryat published, under the title *There is No Death*, a volume descriptive of her experience as a "Spiritualist." Unless we are strangely deceived, no notice of it appeared in this *Review*, and the reason of that forbearance was the gratitude every properly educated man must feel for benefits conferred upon him by Captain Marryat's daughter's father. The publication of *The Spirit World* makes it certain that its author neither now appreciates nor ever will appreciate the kindness of the course pursued with regard to its predecessor, and that, as far as she is concerned, to be treated as a person with something to say, and criticized on that footing, is what she would prefer. It is not an agreeable task to have to point out that the daughter of the author of several of those books which seem to confer a personal benefit on the reader is an exceedingly foolish person; but Miss Marryat, we fear, has not nearly sense enough to mind, and it seems improbable on any theory of the universe that our saying so can possibly give any annoyance to her father.

It is no part of our purpose to comment in detail upon the tricks, surprisingly few and surpassingly stale, by which a great number of "Spiritualists" have imposed upon Miss Marryat, and an uncertain but smaller number possibly also upon themselves. "Spirits" have "materialized," and talked sentimental trash ungrammatically, tables have rapped and wobbled, banjos have thrummed, spirit-lights have danced, sweet perfumes have been perceived, visitors—now and then—have "levitated," and "mediums" have perspired, much in the usual way. The people who indulge in these amusements seem to have forgotten little—there was certainly not much to forget—and learnt positively nothing, since Mr. Browning's "Sludge" put them in their places once for all. A contemporary has taken the trouble to enumerate a variety of reasons for not believing that Miss Marryat on different occasions saw the ghost of her stepson, one of which is that, if the ghost spoke as alleged, he was a very stupid liar, who supposed that submarine currents in the Pacific could carry his dead body over two thousand miles in a day or two. If the ghost came, we for our part see no reason why he should not have talked great nonsense. Every sensible person knows that he did not come, but, if it pleases Miss Marryat to try to persuade herself that he did, we have not the least objection to the indulgence of her fancy. It is rather to another feature of Miss Marryat's work that we propose to draw attention, and that is, her hopeless materialism. All through the book it is clear that, by an interesting and characteristic effect of the long process of debauching to which Miss Marryat has submitted her own intellect, she has lost even the power of imagination necessary for thinking of an immaterial spirit or soul. It is manifestly impossible to believe in the existence of what you cannot think about, and, therefore, we actually find this condition of things, that, by believing in "Spiritualism," and all the fraudulent and silly stories "Spiritualists" have told her, by persuading herself that she is a "medium" and is beset by knocks and "spirits," "materialized" and otherwise, and by "direct writing" and "direct spirit-voices," and all the rest of the rather disgusting nonsense which is the common slang of the business, the poor lady has utterly lost her belief in, or understanding of, the theory that men have immortal and immaterial souls—whatever that belief or understanding may have been worth to begin with. She is a materialist and nothing more.

That this is so clearly appears from the whole tenor of the information given by Miss Marryat about "spirits," but particularly from what she says about death. As soon as a person dies, she says, "the spirit has stepped outside its body"; but it is not immediately "gone." On the contrary, "it is connected with the body by ligaments of light that bind it to the brain, the heart, and the vitals," and the connexion is not finally severed, as a rule, for some hours, or sometimes even days. If the room and the dead body are made very warm, the spirit may be "lured again into the body"; it will, "from increased warmth, be enabled to return, and the apparent dead recover." The "spirit," immediately after death, "feels sick and faint, and cold, and weary." The "spirit" of a person killed suddenly in an accident told Miss Marryat that he had seen his own corpse carried into a hospital, and had "made the most tremendous efforts to get into it again, but it was so maimed and broken it was impossible." Rooms for *seances* are to be kept clean, because "pure spirits will not come where there is dirt and dust. They cannot breathe in such an atmosphere." And the chairs for the audience "must be cane-seated, so as to let the influence through"! It is evident that Miss Marryat means, by "spirit," a figure in human shape, made of some sort of vapour visible to sensitive and accomplished persons, and conscious of cold, irritation, locality, and many other purely physical phenomena. She cannot understand that the most tenuous gas is neither more nor less material than the densest solid. Her imagination is so much enfeebled that she cannot even think of existence apart from matter. She is a "Spiritualist" to such an extent that the word "spirit" has for her lost all its distinctive meaning. It is an instructive example of the meeting of the extremes of credulity and scepticism. It is pleasant to part from a lady—indeed, from any author—with a compliment; and therefore we thank Miss Marryat heartily for a mixed metaphor which, if a little unsavoury, is at least entertaining. Speaking of Mr. Labouchere, or some contributor to his newspaper, she expresses her conviction that, if he could have been cross-examined upon certain statements which she disputes, "he would have been turned inside out like an old glove, and sucked dry before he had known where he was."

BOOKS IN ENGLISH CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

A Book of English Prose: Character and Incident, 1387-1649.
Selected by WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY and CHARLES WHIBLEY. London: Methuen & Co.

THE sparrowhawks of criticism may, perhaps, attack the title of the *Book of English Prose* which Mr. Henley and Mr. Whibley have put forth in a fair and manageable shape, admirably printed by Messrs. Constable. For the editors warn us in their brief preface that their aim is neither to "trace the development of the English sentence" nor to "collect such purple patches of diction as the taste and fashion of the past have marked out for admiration." In other words, as they further define, their "bias is neither philological nor fantastical." Now the critic, not, perhaps, necessarily a sparrowhawk merely, might object that it is possible to trace the development of the English sentence and a little more without being philological only, and that a selection of purple patches made according to your own taste and fashion, not that of the past, is not necessarily fantastical. After all, if Mr. Henley and Mr. Whibley have not followed their own fantasy, we do not know what they have done; and they have been so praiseworthy philologically as to indicate in their brief notes the exact texts which they have reproduced. But what is important is, that whether you call the book a *Book of Prose* or not, it is an excellent collection of "character and incident," as set forth during the three raciest centuries of the English sentence, and an admirable companion to Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica* in verse.¹ There are some seventy authors given, and perhaps some hundred passages; and though we do not perhaps see quite so great a differentiation as the editors do in their two principles "that each passage should be complete in itself, and that each should relate a single incident or unfold a single character," we should not strike out one of these passages, easy as it would be to multiply them *ad infinitum*. History—once the most unfailingly succulent, now alas! too often nearly the most arid department of prose—perhaps would supply the larger part of the selections, if they were thrown under heads; but romance (which, after all, is history), geographical description (of which the same may be said), character-writing, such criticism as Ben Jonson's, and even divinity, as in Donne's *Meditations*, furnish each its quota. Except the brief introduction and the chiefly bibliographical notes, there is no editorial matter—a lack which, if it disappoints some tastes, may gratify others; but whether "we look before and after, and pine for what is not," or whether we don't, it must be acknowledged that here is good matter, cunningly chosen and choiceably presented. The book is good to read, which all anthologies are not; and the comparatively narrow limits of its range provide unity of tone to an extent impossible in a wider cast of the net.

The Age of Pope. By JOHN DENNIS. London: George Bell & Sons.

The division by personally-titled "Ages" was a favourite plan some years ago in regard to history proper, and it has been adopted as the principle of a new series on the history of English Literature, the general editor whereof is Professor Hales. There have been, and are being, produced so many series of the kind, that it is no doubt necessary at least to put forward some special aim; and this is not worse than another, if it be not taken too literally. It is exceedingly seldom that an age in literature can be called the age of a single person in any other sense than that that person was the most prominent single figure in it; and there is just a slight danger, perhaps, that writing under such a title may lead the writers to exaggerate both the influence of the age on the writer and the influence of the writer on the age. In such practised hands, however, as those to which the volumes of Professor Hales's series seem to have been so far committed, this danger cannot be very great, and in Mr. Dennis's particular division it is reduced almost to a minimum. It would certainly not have pleased Mr. Addison, for instance, to be told that he was a writer of the age of Pope, and it is from the point of view of universal literary criticism a sort of putting the giant under the orders of the dwarf to say the same of Dr. Swift. Yet Addison died long before Pope, and Swift never cared for, attempted to exercise, or was by the cast of his *alma sdegnosa* fitted to exercise, any kind of literary dictatorship or even influence. But in the period 1700-1744, and even longer, Pope, as we look back, is the most characteristic writer; he shows us its tastes, its limits, its ideas best. Addison would have probably made a fair, and Swift certainly a great, figure at any time; Pope, though his genius might have made its way under other circumstances, could never have found circumstances so entirely adapted to it. And Mr. Dennis was undoubtedly a good man for the task. He likes the period (though he must have some difficulty in adjusting some of its characteristics to his

moral standards); he knows it; he can write of it. If we miss anything, it is a somewhat larger and more definite "Pisgah sight" of the purely literary characteristics of the time as a whole; for the Introduction, though very well done, busies itself with subjects not merely literary. We note a few points where we disagree or find a want. When, for instance, Pope's independence is contrasted with Dryden's "wholesale lavishing of flattery," the unwary reader ought to be reminded of the difference in the circumstances of the two men. Pope was a bachelor whom astonishing and unprecedented luck had made independent in the other sense quite early; while Dryden was a man with a family, with the scantiest private means, and in receipt of miserably inadequate pay for his work. The notice of Akenside strikes us as a little inadequate; and we can by no means admit that the account of Defoe's minor novels is just, or that *Roxana* is the most powerful of them. The sordid details and the tedious method of these extraordinary books seem to have blinded Mr. Dennis, as they have blinded many others, to their wonderfully various and original powers. But differences of this kind are unavoidable. On the whole, the book seems to be, in point of knowledge, taste, and the observance of due etiquette towards previous historians and critics, very successfully done.

Tristram Shandy. With an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. 2 vols. London: Methuen.

Sterne has no reason to be dissatisfied with the year 1854. We noticed the other day one reprint of *Tristram Shandy*, and here is another. We do not know whether, like Messrs. Dent's, it is to be extended to other things besides *Tristram*; perhaps, as Mr. Whibley speaks rather hard words of the *Sentimental Journey*, it is not. But it is something—and Sterne, who was by no means indifferent to such matters, but relished popularity with a healthy childish gusto that was not the worst thing about him, would have enjoyed it—that he should be chosen to put first foot forward in the series of cheap and comely English classics which Mr. Henley is editing. It is a very agreeable edition, not illustrated, save for a portrait frontispiece, but extremely well printed (though perhaps we should like a little more margin), and of a comfortable size. A huge Sterne is intolerable. Only we cannot quite forgive Mr. Whibley or Messrs. Methuen for defrauding the reader of such things as "this marbled page, motley emblem of my work," in which Sterne delighted. But the introducer makes amends in his essay, which is a very good essay, enthusiastic enough, not unduly palliative of Sterne's more uncomely features, satisfactorily indicative of his principal sources, models, and imitators. We cannot, indeed, quite agree that "genuine sentiment was strange to Sterne the writer as to Sterne the man." We should have a higher opinion of his powers and a lower of his nature if we thought so. The very fault of him is that when the tear will not flow naturally he is always pumping it up with an obtrusive hand, not that it never flows. And it is surely unhappy to speak of Thackeray's "scolding Sterne as an usher might scold a naughty schoolboy." That is not the Thackerayan manner, even though we may fully allow that Thackeray was at anything but his happiest in some of his dealings with Sterne. But these are almost the only points on which we find ourselves at distinct variance with Mr. Whibley, and we are as distinctly with him on most others.

We noticed last year Mr. K. Deighton's ingenious, and sometimes very useful, conjectural Notes on the text of Marston. He has now reprinted them in a somewhat larger pamphlet (Ootacamund: Nilghiri News Press), with others on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Marlowe, and on Peele. If this exercise is pursued in a legitimate way, and with due learning, there is still very great scope for it even in the best edited texts of our sixteenth- and seventeenth-century dramatists, of whom we have no MSS. and original editions, which are, in some cases at any rate, mere "unread" translations of prompt-books into type. We shall not say that Mr. Deighton has always escaped the dangers of emendation; the fact is that a man whose judgment is unerring enough to keep him from a rash emendation now and then is very unlikely to venture upon conjecture at all. But "another measure" (a stage direction to the orchestra) for "if not her measure," in *The Maid's Tragedy* i. 2, is distinctly happy, and there are others as good, while the rest can be neglected.

Mr. F. Ryland has edited Johnson's *Life of Milton* for Messrs. Bell's "English Classics" with an introduction and notes. The notes are, as a rule, very good; not too full, but abundantly furnished with positive information. The introduction—at least its critical part—pleases us rather less. We cannot think that such a sentence as "Johnson's literary attitude is that of the average practical man caught young and educated" gets one much "further"; and in a book intended (as we suppose this to be)

for youth chiefly it seems to us distinctly dangerous. There is a shred of truth in it; but we are afraid that Mr. Ryland might catch many average practical men very young, educate them very carefully, and discover very few Johnsons even in "attitude" among them.

Of editions of Shakspeare and books on Shakspeare we have a fair number, but nothing requiring any very special notice. Of the charming little volumes of Mr. Gollancz's "Temple" Shakspeare (Dent & Co.) we have four, containing *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. They are triumphs of prettiness and cheapness. For scholastic use, and in a more homely, though by no means uncomely, guise, Mr. Reginald Brimley Johnson, under the general editorship of Mr. Churton Collins, has edited one of the same quartet, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for Mr. Edward Arnold, and appears to have done his work thoroughly and well. *Shakspeare for Recitation* (Swan Sonnenschein) is a book arranged by the late Mr. John Millard, teacher of elocution at the City of London School, and elsewhere, edited by his daughter, and prefaced by Dr. Abbott. Mr. Millard had, we believe, the reputation of being a very good master of an art the comparatively low repute of which in England may be said to be balanced by the pretty general opinion of foreigners that Englishmen are the very worst elocutionists in the world.

To quarrel with Dr. Grosart for calling his selection from the beauties of Ben Jonson *Brave Translunar Things* (Elliot Stock) would be to quarrel with him for being Dr. Grosart. Some tastes will always like these fantastic titles; and others will always scorn them as "peacock's feathers," and so forth. It was quite proper that one of the pretty little volumes of the "Elizabethan Library" should be given up to Ben; and nobody could fill it better. But, by the way, there is a "critical edition" of the *Discoveries*, and a very good one.

We make it a point of honour to notice *Bacchana* now and then, if only because of the awful warning printed in it that the Bacon Society is collecting "reviews and notices of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century books." It would be pusillanimous not to offer our bodies for the gibbet. But its last issue contains nothing particularly worthy of remark, except what, if it mean anything, is a suggestion that Bacon wrote, or had something to do with, La Fontaine as well as Shakspeare, Montaigne, Burton, and so on. This is all the more interesting and probable in that La Fontaine was born only five years after Bacon died.

ARCHERY.

Archery. By C. J. LONGMAN and Colonel H. WALBOND. (Badminton Library.) London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

MOST sincerely do we welcome *Archery* to the Badminton Library. By right of seniority it should, of course, have held the premier place, but probably the delay arose from archery not now occupying the same prominent position with the sport-loving public which it did in days gone by, or from the difficulty of finding writers who would treat it, historically as well as practically, in a manner worthy of the subject and of the company in which it would find itself. So little is heard of bows and arrows outside archery circles that the announcement of the new work will have been received by the general body of readers with surprise, possibly with incredulity—surprise that they should have been unaware even of the presence in London of the Royal Toxophilite Society, or that for the last half-century it had been customary to hold an Archers' Grand National, year by year, in some of the principal cities of the land—incredulity that any section of society which breathed the same atmosphere as theirs could find enjoyment in a pastime so tame and void of excitement. However, we do not doubt they will be able to appreciate the narrative portion of the book, and they may accept Mr. Longman's assurance that "no other sport has played a part in the history of the world which can compare with that of archery." The book, though primarily meant for archers, is not exclusively so, since the historic and prehistoric chapters will interest all who dip into them, and some of these outsiders Mr. Longman hopes to attract within "the fold." He and Colonel Walbond are answerable for twenty chapters of the book, the remaining seven having been entrusted to Viscount Dillon (Middle Ages), Mr. J. Balfour Paul (Scotland), the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford (Woodmen of Arden), Major Fisher (Personal Reminiscences), the Rev. Eyre W. Hussey (Practical), Miss Legh (Ladies), and Mr. L. W. Maxson (United States). All matters, therefore, connected with archery which are not dealt with by these seven contributors, who were chosen for their special knowledge in the spheres indicated, have been undertaken, as stated

above, by Mr. Longman and Colonel Walrond. These gentlemen know how to handle their pens as well as their bows, and have played their parts so well that the wind is taken out of the reviewer's sails, and he must perforce keep in their wake. Certainly, on the principle of selecting the fittest, no better choice could have been made for the book before us. It is no secret that for some years past Mr. Longman, in his love of archery lore, has recognized the need of a comprehensive history on the subject, and has been collecting materials in any way bearing upon it. No one appearing upon the scene who was so well primed as he was, he determined to take the matter in hand himself, and, with his heart in it, he has turned out a book that redounds greatly to the credit of the Badminton series. Of Colonel Walrond's fitness there is still less need to speak, for he is undoubtedly the best authority on the history and bibliography of archery. His account of the origin of the Grand National Meeting at York in 1844 contains all that is known, or likely to be known, upon the subject, and it is interesting to learn that, prior to its establishment, public archery meetings had been held continuously for about two centuries, the Finsbury Archers having their "feasts" from 1654 to 1761, the Blackheath and Dulwich meetings from 1789 to 1795, and the Scorton Arrow from 1673 until the present time.

The illustrations are plentiful and full of interest, and have been chosen with considerable care; but we are disappointed not to see among them that quaint and familiar representation of fourteenth-century archers shooting at a butt which is in the Luttrell Psalter. The fact of its having appeared in Gardiner's *Students' History of England* and in the *Archers' Register* was not enough to exclude it from this its most appropriate resting-place; it would have been the gem of the collection, and one cannot see it too often. The execution of the illustrations is very unequal, several of them having an appearance quite unworthy of a book which for some years is likely to remain the standard work on archery. For instance, the group of the Royal Toxophilite Society at Cheltenham in 1879 (p. 192) and the Archer shooting at the World (p. 123) are poor in quality and unsatisfactory in effect, yet the originals from which they were taken—the one a photograph from life, and the other (we believe) a coloured plate in Strutt's *Regal Antiquities*—are admirable. If, in the group, the faces be examined closely to see whose they are, all likeness vanishes in a sort of shepherd's-plaid mist. If it was necessary, on the score of expense, to make use of photo-zincography (or whatever it may be), the execution should have been far better than it is; but we should have preferred seeing the autotype process used on the photographs and engraving.

To the majority of archers the most interesting chapter will be that by Mr. Hussey (this year's champion) on "Practical Instructions in Shooting." What he says is to the point, and archers will turn to his remarks with more than curiosity; for, as he has a thoroughly practical, as well as scientific, knowledge of the art of shooting with the long bow, they may obtain the clue to some fault which hampers their shooting and destroys their peace of mind. Certainly they could go to no more reliable source for what they want, and he is a rash person who will question what he lays down with so much force and clearness. Valuable as Ford's *Archery, its Theory and Practice* was, more especially after being rewritten and extended by Mr. Butt in 1887, Mr. Hussey's chapter goes further and sinks deeper, and he has taken such pains to make everything perfectly intelligible as he goes along, that no archer can fail to learn something. Yet we question if any of the front rank of archers will make any change in their way of shooting. Archers differ in style now as they did in the days of Roger Ascham, and as they will continue to do until archery is extinct. It requires a considerable effort of the imagination to picture, for example, Mr. Nesham, Mr. Govett, or Mr. Everett shooting in any other form than their own, and if they followed out Mr. Hussey's injunctions to the letter, their best friends would not know them. They are all crack shots; but no other three could offer greater contrasts, and yet, though their individualities are so marked, we doubt if even Mr. Hussey would counsel them to forsake their methods and adopt his. It must, nevertheless, impress and puzzle a bystander to find there are so many ways into the gold. Mr. Hussey emphasizes, *inter alia*, the importance of using the back and legs more than archers are wont to do and the necessity of taking up a proper standing position at the first. He says that the success of a shot depends far more than is commonly supposed on the position of the archer; and, if this is faulty, it becomes impossible to carry out correctly the delicate manipulations which follow. A would-be archer grasps at any straw that will help to ease the strain of drawing, to steady on the point of aim, or to improve the loose, so that if, by gripping the ground and bracing the muscles of the back, there is a better distribution of power and therefore an access of strength, he will be grateful to Mr. Hussey for showing him how to make

the most of his resources. And certainly he who reads may learn without difficulty the various precepts which constitute the whole art of standing. And so, too, with the other essentials of nocking, drawing, aiming, and loosing, Mr. Hussey spares no trouble to explain to his readers the details of each, and he concludes the chapter with a useful summary of them, every word of which we should have liked to quote. For the archer afflicted with "target shyness," or inability to release the arrow, Mr. Hussey has words of encouragement which should prove a remedy. We imagine the cure must depend somewhat upon the extent and duration of the disease; for, however attentive and successful the patient might be during the course of a "kind friend's" lesson, he is likely enough to revert to his old ways when he goes to an archery meeting, and is removed from the influence of his instructor's eye.

Mr. Longman, in the chapter on Prizes and Handicapping, writes against the system of awarding money prizes, or prizes which can be converted into money, at archery contests:—"Although the amount of money to be won in a season by even the most successful shot is very moderate, yet some archers wish that it was not possible to win any," and "they are sensible of a jarring note when, at the end of a competition, they are offered a cheque or some golden sovereigns for having beaten their friends at a friendly contest." Well, that is, of course, a matter of individual feeling, but we hope there are not many who feel thus; it certainly is not the general feeling. At the public meetings cheques (not golden sovereigns) are handed in envelopes to the winners, so there is neither jingle of coin to grate upon the ear, nor a view of hard cash to distress the eye; when coin does pass, it is the result of a handicap, and to that Mr. Longman does not object. Money, whether paper or metallic, is a more convenient form than any other for a prize; useful or ornamental articles often proving to be duplicates, or inappropriate, and trouble is incurred in exchanging them. Secretaries would certainly have something to say about the time and anxiety which the choosing of articles would entail. In country clubs money is rarely given; as a rule the prizes consist of knick-knacks presented by members or provided out of the club funds, and as the latter are generally at a low ebb, so must be the value of the prizes. The word "pot-hunter" is unknown in archery circles, and Mr. Longman admits that even the most successful archers cannot win more than a "very moderate sum." At the annual Bisley rifle competition the prizes for the most part take the form of money, so in yachting, racing, and other sports. The simple acceptance of money as the reward of luck or merit does not change an amateur into a professional, and need not involve any uncomfortable feelings; it helps to recoup the successful competitor his entrance fee, his railway ticket, and his hotel bill, but it seldom covers them. Mr. Longman is an experienced archer, and has held the championship, therefore one is glad to hear his views on anything to do with bows and arrows. But the question of money prizes is one of taste, upon which any one may hold an opinion, and we fail to see any stronger claim upon archers to abolish them than there is for abandoning the fashionable practice of giving cheques at a wedding, or for renouncing moderate stakes at whist. We are confident that their abolition at the public meetings would cause archery to lose some of its warmest adherents. That is a consummation not to be desired, for archery has formidable rivals in golf and lawn tennis. Just now it is in the ascendant, both in this country and in the United States; and we should be sorry to see any sort of check to so healthy, skilful, and enjoyable a pastime.

THOMAS OF LONDON.

Cambridge Historical Essays. No. VII. Thomas of London before his Consecration. By LEWIS B. RADFORD, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. Prince Consort Dissertation, 1894. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1894.

OUR readers will scarcely need to be reminded that Thomas of London was the name by which St. Thomas of Canterbury, or Archbishop Becket, was called before his consecration. His life before he became archbishop presents several interesting points that are fully discussed in this little volume. Passing by Mr. Radford's exhaustive treatment of the early years of the future archbishop, we would specially commend his account of the occasions on which Thomas, while one of Archbishop Theobald's clerks, played a part in public affairs. It is evident that Theobald, to whom he owed his training and advancement, expected that as chancellor he would uphold the privileges of the Church. Thomas disappointed his expectations, and we have here an excellent review of various incidents illustrating the

chancellor's opposition to ecclesiastical exemptions that infringed on the prerogative of the Crown. A clear account is given of the place that the chancellor's office filled in the administrative system as regards both judicature and finance, and the notices of the actions of Thomas as a member of the *Curia regis*, as an itinerant justice, and as one of the chief officers of the Exchequer are minutely examined. Among other questions on which Mr. Radford enters in this part of his essay is one that became of first-rate importance in the subsequent quarrel between the King and the archbishop—namely, the meaning and extent of the release from secular obligations that Thomas received before his consecration. Mr. Radford, while doing full justice to the high personal character of Thomas during his earlier as well as his later years, charges him with inconsistency because, as chancellor, his conduct and the aim of his actions were different from what they had been before he entered the service of the Crown. After his consecration he again became the dauntless defender, even to death, of those rights and privileges of the Church which he had before opposed, and from a life almost wholly secular, so far as it was public, turned to a life wholly ecclesiastical. Yet, as is observed here, he was only inconsistent after a sort; he was so far consistent in that, alike as the adviser of Theobald, as the servant of the King, and as Archbishop of Canterbury, he set himself to carry out to the fullest extent the duties of the position in which he was placed at the time. Mr. Radford's essay is a highly creditable piece of work, thorough, careful, and readable.

NOVELS.

Children of Circumstance. A Novel. By IOTA. 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

OUR word novel has widely departed from its French definition, *roman très court*, and has otherwise been often strangely applied. The last object one would suppose to which it would seem desirable to affix it is a tract, no matter how long the tract may be, nor in how many books. Yet it is as "a novel" that Iota, the clever writer of *The Yellow Aster*, presents her last work, *Children of Circumstance*. It is a tract writ large. The conscientious reader must often find himself reminded as he turns the pages of *Children of Circumstance* of the little exhibitions to be found in country fairs and places where provision is made for the amusement of the simple—little peepholes through which the spectator beholds pictures, more or less depressing, of Trafalgar Square, the Lake of Geneva, or the interior of the Crystal Palace. As various are the "views" of Iota, and as they have all to be presented within the limits of three volumes, the peeps must necessarily be brief. Of story there is not much, nor does the writer seem deeply interested in it nor to pay much attention to it. The characters say very much the same things in the same way, for it is Iota speaking through them, expounding her views. It must not be supposed that the book is uniformly dull. It has plenty of smart dialogue and clever sayings; and, indeed, the tone of verbal levity in which grave and solemn subjects are treated often strikes a note of incongruity. In this direction, also, the situation in which the principal young lady is placed seems an artistic mistake, supposing that art were concerned. To attempt to rescue fallen women is good work, but it is not girls' work. That a girl such as Margaret Dering, not twenty, utterly ignorant of the world and its ways, lovely with the loveliness of a wild bird, and as innocent as one, should set herself down with a stupid old nurse among the sinners of the East (not that they are worse than those of the West) of London, giving midnight orgies of pork and beer, is an idea as repugnant to reason as to taste. No man could endure to see his girl-sister, or girl-cousin, in such a place, though he might be less sensitive with regard to his aunt. That is the way in which views carry people off their feet. No such person as Caroline Brett or Caroline Davis, whichever she may be, one of Miss Dering's disreputable associates, it is safe to say, ever existed. Iota is rather proud of her, probably because she has had the exclusive making of her. Nature had never a hand in such artificial work. Both the good and the evil people of the story are evolved out of fancy, instead of being studied from nature. And truly, had some of them been frankly and truthfully studied from nature, the result would have been unpresentable in British drawing-rooms.

The Matchmaker. By L. B. WALFORD. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

Mrs. L. B. Walford seems to have taken a leaf out of Mrs. Oliphant's books, whence, in their abundance, it can be perfectly well spared. *The Matchmaker* is a tale of Scottish life and

manners (though Penelope East, the leading young lady, is English), it has a great deal of Mrs. Oliphant's quiet humour and good sense, and, to aid the resemblance, it is wordy and too long and overlaid with repetitions. *The Matchmaker*, however, is a story to be read, and in the domestic circles where three-volume novels are still favourites (and such circles are more numerous than publishers of to-day seem to believe), and where the ladies like a long screed of fiction, not wanting to be changed at the circulating library every day, it will be well liked. Penelope is as bright and engaging a little heroine as one has met for long, and although her attempts at making matches end in much disaster for other people, she is left at the close exceedingly happy in her own. The plot circling round Penelope, her cousins, the Misses Carnoustie, and two or three lovers of the masculine sex, is interesting, and at times exciting but the chief merit of the book is the excellent drawing of the Carnoustie interior in their old castle in West Scotland. In their old-fashioned notions, quaint prejudices, simple faiths, and innocent stupidities, they are as far removed from modern ways as if they belonged to the last century; yet many such homes, we may hope, exist within our seas to keep fresh and sweet the type of simple life. Lord and Lady Carnoustie, in their mistaken notions of propriety, spoil the existences of two of their daughters, and completely wreck that of their third and youngest. But it is done in a way so full of almost chivalric dignity that one must all but admire them. Novels, as a rule, are not much remembered, nor the people who play their little parts in them; but the Carnousties will stay a little in the memories of those who have a sympathy with the better side of Scottish character.

My Lady Rotha. A Romance. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. With Eight Illustrations by JOHN WILLIAMSON. London: Innes & Co. 1894.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has written stirring stories, but none more interesting than *My Lady Rotha*. It would appear an arduous task to go back to the Thirty Years' War, and make fresh romantic interest out of that well-threshed field, but there is no limit to the excitements to be got out of war and love, especially when so practised a hand takes them up. Lady Rotha is a stately princess, reigning in her own right at the age of twenty-five over her county of Heritzburg, and reigning in peace and quiet in the middle of a raging Germany, for two reasons—one that her estate lay out of range of the march of war, and the other that the lady eschewed marriage, and would admit no lovers to squabble over her beautiful person and rich possessions. Religious rage, however, breaks out in her town, and Rotha is forced to fly, with a small retinue, through fearful scenes of slaughter. Not only is she brought for the first time into contact with the horrors of battle, but she is obliged to accept such protection as is offered, and gallant soldiers are always willing to protect beauty in distress from everybody but themselves. Rotha's steward, Martin Schwartz, is happily able to shield his mistress from serious hurt, though not from peril, and his own adventures are very striking, and very well told by himself. The one volume of the story is thick, and thickly printed, but no one who begins will lay it down before the end, it is so extremely well carried on from adventure to adventure. The eight illustrations, though graceful in treatment, do not greatly help the vitality of the personages they represent.

Tales from Welsh Wales. By P. H. EMERSON. London: D. Nutt. 1894.

Some of the stories collected by Mr. Emerson under the title *Tales from Welsh Wales* are, as is judiciously set forth in a note, founded on fact, others are based on tradition. The facts are those common to all folk living on farms, by the sea, among the hills and dales, the population which has no newspaper news, no book lore, of which the gossip is orally retailed, and which clings to the stories of the bygone generations, partly from natural human interest, and partly, perhaps unconsciously, as the illustration of their own unrecorded lives. The traditions are a little more limited, being tintured with the instincts of the Celtic (Mr. Emerson prefers the K) race. These Welsh stories are common property with the Scottish and Irish peoples. Fairies, goblins, buried treasure, witches, magic signs, superstitions of all kinds, abound in them all. In this particular gathering of folklore, the yarns of the seafaring men are the best and the best told. Most of them have been gleaned on the coasts of Anglesea, and many are laid near the town, "Beautiful Marsh." It is worth while quoting a summing-up of the typical Welshman:—

"Gwilym had been a great man in his day, man-of-war's man, smuggler, slaver, blockade runner, even pirate. He was

of middle height, and small-boned, like most of the Welsh, and, like them, he had good manners, was of an explosive temperament, stubborn to a degree, without humour, and perfectly merciless when his cupidity was aroused; but, unlike the Irish Celt, he would have despised moonlighting and shooting men from behind stone walls.

Stories of the Bards are not wanting, amongst the rest, and one of them could "make pennillions" as fast as he could talk, and might one day be a "pryddyd," and get the silver harp at the Eisteddfod.

Absent, yet Present. By GILBERTA M. F. LYON. 3 vols. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

Supposing that there exist to-day persons who have had as many green carnations and yellow asters as they want; who have sufficiently contemplated the freakishness of heavenly twins and progressing maidens, and who desire a change of literary food, these can do no better than send for *Absent, yet Present*, a novel by the author of *For Good or Evil*. Bread and milk after curry and cayenne could not more soothe over-stimulated palates. Bread and milk is wholesome diet, and there is nothing in Miss Lyon's simple (no, it is not simple in the sense of freedom from complication), old-fashioned love-story which could hurt any one. It is a throw-back into the gentle murmuring of the ordinary fiction of twenty years ago. Here is the haughty hero of stern and classic face, always weary and tired, and whose voice betrays his proud anguish. He is at first so desperately in love with Zara that when she throws him over for his venerable uncle it affects his head and he staggers about, always however continuing cold and haughty. He tries to smile, but cannot manage it. He tries to eat, "but could not do more than a few mouthfuls." However, a little later he meets Pearl, and his passion for her assists him to resist the too ardent advances of the repentant Zara, now his aunt. This expedient of representing people falling in love with one another and changing about is the author's simple plan for the extension of her story, rather deficient as it is in incident and situation. Her way of indicating excited emotion is equally artless. "Do you—really—think—he—will—cut—his—throat?" The intentions of the writer of *Absent, yet Present* are so excellent that one might be disposed to deal leniently with her shortcomings as a novelist; but no lover of our language can overlook such solecisms as "very pleased," "very disturbed," "very changed," "do like they used to do," "however long have I been asleep?" or "he has settled down quite a country gentleman," which reminds one of the American "He has started artist."

The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. CROCKETT. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

Mr. Crockett has followed up and followed over the success of his story, *The Stickit Minister*. *The Lilac Sunbonnet* (surely an uninviting title) is an idyllic love story, sweet and fresh and wholesome as the scent of the crushed bog-myrtle and heather that clothe the hills of Galloway where the story lies. A sweeter lassie than Winifred Welsh never stepped over a Scotch brae nor wore a lilac sunbonnet. Her essentially womanly, practical, sensible nature is most cunningly interwoven with her tenderness, so that the faintest touch of sentimentality is far removed. Ralph Peden—not a stickit minister, but a probationer, who never goes further in the arduous paths of the Marrow Kirk—is drawn with infinite humour and naturalness. His juvenile priggishness, so natural to the budding meenister, his conceit, not so much of himself, but of the greatness of his future position and vocation, melt like snow before the sun under the influence of Winifred's blue eyes. Mr. Crockett has a style of his own, a sort of humourous sententiousness, perfectly adapted to the kind of story he prefers. His sense of the beauty of landscape is both deep and minute, awake to every shade of colour, and the Scotch lochs and mountains give him room for description. The Scotch farm people, women as well as men, are excellently drawn, and naturally the author has selected the most original and striking types. Meg Kissock is a servant lassie one might meet in many a Scotch parish, pert and faithful, sharp in tongue, plain in face, and true as steel. Jess, her sister, is not so common; but Jess is exceptional. She had lived as lady's-maid in England, and had picked up "Englishy tricks and troking." She ends by making a great lady of herself. One of the best chapters in this most entertaining book is that which tells of how Winsome and Ralph "guddled" for "troot" under the guidance of that legitimate sportsman Andra' Kissock.

SCIENCE.

Electrical Transmission of Energy and its Transformation, Sub-division, and Distribution: a Practical Handbook. By GISEBRT KAPP. Fourth edition. London: Whittaker & Co. 1894.

WE gladly welcome the fourth edition of Mr. Gisbert Kapp's *Electrical Transmission of Energy*, because it is an ideal book on applied science. It deals with the great engineering question of the day, the utilization of work at a distance from the source of power. After glancing at the earlier methods of transmission by running belts, it gives a thorough and serviceable account of the most recent applications of electricity by which the energy of a waterfall is utilized to do the work of factories in distant towns. The editing has been admirably done. Electricity as an applied science has advanced so remarkably in the last few years that many special treatises on separate departments have recently appeared. Mr. Kapp is resolute enough to cut out large sections of his book, the ground of which is now covered in detail by other writers. In the space thus gained he is able to expand the part dealing with the fundamental scientific principles, a sound knowledge of which is the secret of practical success. The book is accordingly devoted to a description and explanation of the principal types of dynamos, and to the question of their application to the transmission and transformation of power. Special attention is given to the use of multiphase currents for transmission where a number of small motors have to be actuated independently from one distant generator—an aspect which has not as yet been practically considered in this country. No book could be more profitably studied by a young engineer who has mastered the rudiments of electricity, and most of it may be read with interest by any intelligent outsider.

Heat Treated Experimentally. By LINNAEUS CUMMING, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

There are so many excellent text-books on *Heat* that Mr. Cumming requires to justify the addition of another to the number. His excuse for publication is that he has tried the MS. on his Rugby classes with a salutary effect. We cannot, however, see that this book was necessary on account of anything new in matter, method, or order which it contains. It is a textbook of the familiar type, clearly arranged, well printed, and fairly illustrated. The "experimental treatment" promised in the title is hardly justified, for there seems to be little effort made to devise experiments which boys could carry out for themselves, and without actual experiment the study of heat must be very dry. The passage on thermometers might be extended and improved, at the expense of some of the more theoretical parts, with advantage to boy-pupils. Deep-sea thermometers are most inadequately dealt with, and no notion is given of the extraordinary difficulties which are encountered in attempting to measure that most familiar condition, the temperature of the air. The statement that the maximum density point of water affects the rate of cooling and manner of freezing of "lakes and seas" is true for the former only. Due notice is not taken of the vast importance of dust in determining the diathermancy of air, while too much weight is given to Tyndall's experiments on vapours. We do not consider that the description in an abbreviated form of some standard "experiments on heat" makes a treatise on "Heat experimentally treated."

An Introductory Account of Certain Modern Ideas and Methods in Plane Analytical Geometry. By CHARLOTTE ANGAS SCOTT, D.Sc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Professor Charlotte Angas Scott, whose *Modern Ideas and Methods in Plane Analytical Geometry* is before us, was a distinguished student at Girton before she received her professorship at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, and both colleges have reason to be proud of her. The book is good evidence, if such be needed, that a woman can follow and can in turn expound the higher mathematics. Miss Scott does more, for she positively revels in the recondite properties of curves. Although the algebraic notation expresses no emotion, every sentence of continuous English shows that mathematical modes of thought can call forth enthusiasm, and the statement or solution of a problem give real pleasure. The book will furnish a healthy gymnastic to the expert mathematician; it is not to be approached by the rusty.

The Nests and Eggs of Non-Indigenous British Birds. By CHARLES DIXON. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

Mr. Dixon's *Nests and Eggs of Non-Indigenous British Birds*—gives an account of the breeding habits of the destitute feathered aliens who compete with our own true-born birds in the struggle

for existence, but return to their own lands for their domestic affairs. It is a companion volume to the author's *Nests and Eggs of British Birds*, and completes his study of British oology, the primal science which the schoolboy learns without a book. Collectors, ornithologists, and the wide class of country-lovers who like to know something exact about what they familiarly see should be grateful to Mr. Dixon for his labours. The wide range and distant nesting-places of some of our winter and summer migrants will surprise most people who have not studied bird-migration, and necessitate much brushing up of their geography. Mr. Dixon, by the way, is somewhat antiquated in his spelling of place-names. A map would have been a more serviceable and suggestive frontispiece than the pretty coloured plate of eggs which graces the book.

The Earth. An Introduction to the Study of Inorganic Nature.
By EVAN W. SMALL, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

Mr. Small, in his collection of University Extension Lectures entitled *The Earth*, only professes to give some general account of some of the more striking phenomena of our planet, and he does so in as satisfactory a way as one could expect within the limits of 200 pages. The little book has no original features, and might be arranged more methodically, but its substance is compiled from trustworthy sources, which Mr. Small is careful to acknowledge. It may be useful as a gentle stimulant to further study, though we believe that the lectures as delivered would be more serviceable in that way. It is gratifying to find a book of this kind on elementary science free from blunders worse than the mis-spellings of a few names, with which the printer may safely be charged.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault. Tome iii. Paris: Plon. *Professional-Lover.* Par GYP. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Monsieur Cotillon. Par HENRY RABUSSON. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Fidélka. Par HENRY GRÉVILLE. Paris: Plon.

THE first chapter of the third volume of the hitherto most entertaining *Mémoires* of Thiébault begins with a very amusing reference to the second. "La fin du second volume," says the gallant General—gallant in both senses—"m'a laissé dans les bras de Pauline." It is most satisfactory to be left in the arms of Pauline; but, in the uncertainty of human affairs, it is but too likely (especially if you are a soldier and Pauline is somebody else's wife) that you will sooner or later, and probably sooner, be torn from them. This was the case with Thiébault, and it coincided, to a certain extent, with the close of the youthful and adventurous period of his life. The uncomfortable absence of "arms" was, indeed, supplied before many years in a more regular and legal way by a certain Mlle. Elizabeth, or "Zozotte" Chénais, whom Thiébault married as his second wife, and in whose company he obligingly informs us that he experienced "supernatural enjoyments." And it must be admitted that the frontispiece representing Mme. or Mlle. Zozotte in Empire garments is by no means unattractive. But Thiébault had to exchange his half-paladin, half-picaroon life under Championnet and others in the South of Italy for the siege of Genoa, for a good deal of "kicking heels" in Napoleon's antechambers, for a mission to Spain which does not seem to have been very amusing, and, when he came to see regular war again, for a most frightful wound at Austerlitz. The future military historian also appears in a fuller and drier infusion of mere practical and strategical details, and the officer of perhaps the most mutually jealous army noticed in history in an extreme partisanship. Nothing is too good for Moreau, nothing too bad for Macdonald, while, though Massena was undoubtedly no mean general, and though, thanks to the Alps, winter, and good luck, he certainly did foil Suwarow's intended invasion of France, we cannot think Thiébault fair to the great Russian, of whom, by the way, he gives very many curious anecdotes. Still the book rallies its interest as it goes on, and maintains its reputation as the most entertaining of the great number of French military memoirs lately issued, always excepting those of Marbot. In small anecdote and scandal, indeed, Thiébault is not second, but easily first. Any future Carlyle will bless him for the side-lights and illustrations which he thus throws on history; while the most frivolous reader, if only he be provided with a proper knack of skipping, as every reader ought to be, will get plenty of satisfaction out of him.

It is seldom that we have nowadays three French novels to notice at the same time by three writers of such competence in different kinds as "Gyp," M. Rabusson, and "Henry Gréville." No doubt the admirers of each will exclaim at their being classed together, but a more extensive view will place them all pretty nearly, if not quite, first in their respective kinds. As for "Gyp," she is of course, as we have a dozen times admitted, with ever-increasing thankfulness, a species by herself. But the individuals of a species may vary from better to worse, and "Gyp" if not at her absolutely best, is not far from it in *Professional-Lover*. This remarkable phrase, let us hasten to say, she does not father on English usage, but puts it into the mouth of one of her French characters, as an invention formed on the model of "professional beauty." It is not, perhaps, a wholly happy one, for *A Lady Killer*, besides being more idiomatic, would have fitted the hero rather better—but 'twill pass. Raoul d'Epernon (whom his act of birth would describe as Raoul Gouillat) is an unusually handsome young person of the middle class, fairly comfortable as (like half the lower and upper-middle classes of France) a Government servant, but with no particular means, no great abilities, no vices (as Frenchmen count vice, that is to say), and a lazy, good-natured, by no means unamiable, temperament. He is beloved by Suzanne de Grâce, a *demimondaine*, who has passed (by one of "Gyp's" satiric touches) into that position from the less comfortable, if more honourable, one of a governess with all the accomplishments and any amount of examination honours. Suzanne's disinterested affection (and perhaps her sense of humour also) make her bent on "launching" Gouillat in high life, convinced that his lady-killing talents will make his way for him. This altruistic effort is favoured, or at least not thwarted, by another of her lovers, the Vicomte de Cernay, who has been at school with Gouillat; and after some hesitation on the young man's part, he is renamed Raoul d'Epernon, furnished by Suzanne (for he is grossly ignorant) with some knowledge of his supposed family history, and "launched" duly. Juvenal would not refuse a grim approval to "Gyp's" indications of the havoc he makes among countesses and duchesses of all ages, while his career is crowned by the daughter of a millionaire, who positively runs away with him (not he with her), and so makes it impossible for her parents to object to their marriage. Though not the most daring in appearance, *Professional-Lover* is perhaps the severest of "Gyp's" books on her own sex and society; but it is immensely clever, and the personages of Suzanne, Cernay, and Gouillat himself despite the more than equivocal professions of the first and last, are not unsympathetic.

M. Rabusson's and Mme. Henry Gréville's books are perhaps the former especially, at a little lower level of excellence in regard to the work of their respective authors; but both are good reading. In *Fidélka* the author of *Dosia* has after a long interval returned to the Russian subjects which gave her fame. In *Monsieur Cotillon*, on the other hand, M. Rabusson has hardly recovered the excellence which some discovered in his earlier work. The hero receives his nickname for a reason, the meaning of which is easily seen, and also because, says the author, his real name, Coëtligon, is susceptible of being slurred into it. If it be so, the proper Breton pronunciation of "Coët" must have been considerably forgotten in France of late years. He is a kind of lady-killer, too, and the book turns chiefly on his reformation, such as it is, by marriage. The author puts a query himself, however, in the title of his last chapter, "Dénoûement?" and he is wise.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

The Work of John Ruskin: its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life. By CHARLES WALDSTEIN. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

WHATEVER view may be held of the influence of Mr. Ruskin's writings, there can be no doubt that it is second in measure and force to that of no other writer of our times. The contemporary critic who would estimate that influence in all its bearings has set himself one of the most difficult of problems. Mr. Waldstein finds in the complexity of Mr. Ruskin's works the chief obstacle; yet, though this complexity is undoubtedly a considerable element of difficulty, we are disposed to think there is one yet greater, because more elusive, and more intractable to the methods of the summarist. The influence of a teacher and preacher like Mr. Ruskin is necessarily of the kind that evades definition and measurement. It works through channels invisible to the contemporary eye in a fashion whose subtlety is only to be dimly conjectured. The influence of Mr. Ruskin as a critic of art may, for instance, be estimated with fair approxima-

tion to truth; but this is but one, and not the most important, stream of influence. What Mr. Waldstein terms the "main positive deeds and works"—the sum of the tangible results of Ruskinian influence—are clearly, and we think justly, summarized in his opening chapter. But this kind of tangible evidence—"raising the general appreciation of art," the elevation of the public taste in artistic perception, "the diffusion of culture, or at least of a desire and need for it, among the mass of the middle and lower classes," and the rest of it—affords but an inadequate reflection of the deeper and lasting influence of Mr. Ruskin's work as a teacher. Mr. Waldstein is in agreement with most critics when he maintains that in the theory and criticism of art his greatest achievements and strongest points do not lie. Mr. Ruskin's "greatest achievement" is defined by Mr. Waldstein to be "the foundation of a new habit of mind, midway between science and art, or rather overlapping both." He has instituted, as it were, a new spirit and a new method in the observation of nature. "I shall call this new intellectual discipline," he observes, "Phænomenology of Nature." The term is a trifle awkward, but the method of observation signified is clearly presented and analysed in Mr. Waldstein's second chapter. The new endowment of which Mr. Waldstein speaks is the gift of seeing nature through the eyes of the author of *Modern Painters*. It is in dealing with Mr. Ruskin as a writer on art that he is most critical and convincing. In the final chapter, too, on the "Pastimes of England" and the Ruskinian views of field sports, he touches on the weakness of Mr. Ruskin's ethical position. The *parti pris* of the moralist which is so prominent in the Ruskinian judgment of works of art is naturally a very vulnerable point to a critic of a well-tempered and strictly scientific order of mind. Mr. Waldstein is inclined to take Mr. Ruskin's "entirely right" or "entirely wrong" very seriously. He deplores the excessive laudations or denunciations of the Ruskinian method as contrary to the "Gospel of Sanity and Moderation." But a Ruskin without passion would not be Ruskin, and "decidedly such a Ruskin would never have moved Mr. Waldstein to a curious and interesting inquiry into the nature of his influence."

In Furthest Ind: the Narrative of Mr. Edward Carlyon, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. Edited by SYDNEY C. GRIER. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

Much labour and skill are shown in the writing of this romantic narrative of the adventures of a young Englishman in India in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It is, in fact, a clever example of the "true relation" in Defoe's meaning of the phrase. Mr. Grier does not divulge the secret of the manuscript here set forth until the last note of his appendix. His occasional footnotes, corrective or conjectural, are cunningly devised to support the remarkable *vraisemblance* of Mr. Carlyon's story. That young gentleman's adventures in Surat, at Fort St. George, at St. Thomas, among the "Morattys," and so forth, are related with admirable art. He is a gallant and modest youth, and his adventures are such as only the brave deserve. His experiences at Goa under the Inquisition are most thrillingly described. At San Thomé he falls desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of the Marquis de Tourvel, and discovers somewhat late that she is engaged to the Vicomte de Galampré. This episode is succeeded by a fine series of adventures in the company of that noble Frenchman, all of which is told with excellent persuasiveness, so that you are convinced it is all a true story, as romance sometimes is. The happy close of the narrative must be left, with the rest, to the discerning reader, who will, we are convinced, find the book full of delight and instruction.

Verse Translations from Greek and Latin Poets. By ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A. London: Innes & Co. 1894.

These specimens of classical verse were selected by Mr. Innes, to serve as "fair copies" for schoolmasters who wished their pupils to realize what poetry there may lurk in passages chosen to exemplify difficulties of grammar and vocabulary. The poets selected are many and diverse. The specimens are mostly of no great length, and the original text and renderings are given on opposite pages. Thus the curious student, who is not sceptical as to the possibility of translating poetry, may test the versions of Mr. Innes at his ease, and as his scholarship may serve. The poets most favoured are Aristophanes, Euripides, Martial, Virgil, and Catullus. Of Martial there are not less than six examples, and among them are some of the happiest of Mr. Innes's renderings. The translation from Propertius in the stanza *In Memoriam* is also excellent.

The Women of Shakespeare. By LOUIS LEWES, Ph.D. Translated from the German by HELEN ZIMMERN. London: Hodder Brothers. 1894.

This is a substantial, not to say a solid, volume of studies of the heroines of Shakespeare, marked by a thoroughness of method that is natural to a "thoroughgoing German," as Miss Zimmern describes the author. Dr. Lewes observes a chronological sequence in these studies. He begins with the Venus and the Lucrece of the Poems, and then proceeds with Tamora and Lavinia of *Titus Andronicus* through the dramas onwards to Queen Katherine in *Henry VIII*. When Shelley likened a lady to "one of Shakespeare's women," he was not thinking of all the women of Shakespeare. That is the generously inclusive plan of Dr. Lewes. He treats of the characteristics of all the types of women in Shakespeare's work, partly in the way of portraiture and partly in an analytic or philosophic vein. Occasionally, he ventures to suggest the style of the ancient, and we trust extinct, commentator, as in his remarks on Juliet and her Nurse, and in other observations of a tediously obvious kind. But his work, if not of original excellence, is well executed, and not undeserving of popularity.

Heroes in Homespun. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. London: Wilsons & Milne. 1894.

Mr. Ascott Hope deals in this volume with the early history of the more active and militant spirits of the Abolitionist movement in the United States, from the days of John Woolman to the days of John Brown. Some of these heroes, like Levi Coffin, have told the story of their own exploits, and others have found biographers and panegyrists, like the hero of Harper's Ferry. Coffin's work as a stealer of negroes, or rather as a smuggler of them on the "Underground Railway," was certainly remarkable for the skill and energy it showed. William Still is another chronicler whose record is utilized by Mr. Ascott Hope, and a singular history it is. Some of these "homespun heroes"—a motley set they are—are extremely dubious heroes. In spite of Thoreau and other apologists, we cannot conceive that any fair-minded person can regard Brown as an Abolitionist martyr and hero. There is little doubt that he had a hand in the "Pottawatomie slaughter"—a series of murders as cowardly and ferocious as murder can be. You may call their victims Border ruffians, Kansas rowdies, what you will, and the deeds themselves "reprisals"; but it is disgusting cant to dignify the murderers as "heroes" and "martyrs."

The Forester. A Practical Treatise on the Planting and Tending of Forest Trees and the General Management of Woodland Estates. By JAMES BROWN, LL.D. Sixth edition, enlarged. Edited by JOHN NISBET, D.O.C. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

Dr. Brown's well-known and valuable treatise has been subjected to considerable additions and subtractions at the hands of Mr. Nisbet, whose object in this edition has been to "engraft the modern Continental science of sylviculture upon the old British stock of arboriculture." There is a suggestion in this statement that the scion is greater than the stock, considering Mr. Nisbet's estimate of German sylviculture as compared with British. However, the metaphor may pass, since the stock is healthy and the work of grafting has been judiciously done. If the science of economic forestry is to be established in Great Britain, it was decidedly desirable that Dr. Brown's work should be so revised as to be brought up to date, and prove serviceable under the new order that is to give place to the old. This is what Mr. Nisbet has done. He has re-arranged Dr. Brown's work, preserving its leading features, and cutting out portions that, with the new aim in view, were obsolete or superfluous in other ways. He has added an excellent introductory chapter on Forestry in Great Britain, and made other important additions throughout the work, all of which are distinct gains from the scientific point of view. Where Dr. Brown's views and Mr. Nisbet's differ as to principles, the editor gives both sides of the question, which is an equitable proceeding that readers will appreciate. Some capital woodcuts from German works have also been added by way of illustration.

The English Poets. Edited by THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD, M.A. Vol. IV. "Wordsworth to Tennyson." New edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

The new material in this, the fifth, edition of Mr. Humphry Ward's anthology is of the first importance. It comprises selections from Robert Browning, from Matthew Arnold, and from the late Poet Laureate. In the poetry of the century these are great names, as all judges will admit, and they give to these volumes of specimens of English poetry a touch of completeness that well deserves the term "definitive." The introduc-

tory essay to the Browning selections is sound in judgment and lucid in style. The editor, who deals with the characteristics of Matthew Arnold's poetry in a sympathetic spirit, notes the "sad appropriateness" of its inclusion in this anthology in his reference to the General Introduction to the work which was written by Matthew Arnold for the opening volume. To Professor Jebb has fallen the charge of the Tennyson selections and of treating of the poet's "exquisite art," and none will dispute, we think, the happiness of the undertaking.

Western Australia: its History and Progress. By ALBERT F. CALVERT. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Limited. 1894.

So many little books have been written by Mr. Calvert about the "Cinderella" of Australian colonies that an addition to the list might not unnaturally be regarded as merely fresh proof of Mr. Calvert's sanguine and energetic faith in the progress and future prosperity of Western Australia. In the present sketch of the past history and present prospects of the colony he shows himself to be not unaware that he may be iterative in several matters, and is resolved, as he puts it, not to be too "discursive." His plea for another book on the subject is, however, reasonable enough in the circumstances. Nothing is so likely to put "out of date" guide-books, pamphlets, and other books of the kind as "rapid change and unceasing progress" in a colony. Mr. Calvert's chapter on the "Mineral Resources of Western Australia" affords a striking commentary on this fact. As a mining engineer, he deals with the discoveries of gold in the colony within the last half-century, from the days of the explorations of Mr. John Calvert—the author's grandfather—and of Mr. Hargreaves, to the discoveries of Mr. Bayley and others since the passing of the "Goldfields Act" of 1886. It is strange, by the way, that so long ago as 1847 gold should have been found in Western Australia, and "on the upper Murchison," too, although Murchison expressed his disbelief in the existence of gold in the colony. But even while compiling this book the work was going on, and Mr. Calvert records, in his appendix, the discoveries reported from Perth during this summer, in the Coolgardie district, where have sprung the Londonderry mine and other undertakings. Mining prospects, important as they may be, form but one of many subjects touched upon in Mr. Calvert's sketch. He deals also with agriculture, fruit-growing, the wine-making industry, and the financial condition of the colony. His book is provided with maps and plans, old and new, and other illustrations.

Women's Work. By Miss A. AMY BULLEY and Miss MARGARET WHITLEY. With a Preface by Lady DILKE. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

There is good sense in Lady Dilke's remarks in the preface to this book on the shrilled-tongued advocates of "women's work," who urge women to compete with men without regard to their fitness. "Those who prefer," says Lady Dilke, "to regard the interests of men or women as opposed must accept a view of their mutual relations which, involving as it does antagonism of sex, pits the woman against the man in an unregulated competition for employment which, if forced to its extreme, will end by lowering the whole level of English life far more surely than the immigration of any number of 'destitute aliens.'" The field surveyed by Miss Bulley and Miss Whitley is a large one, yet they show clearly enough that much of the labour dealt with, especially that in workshops and factories, is unsuitable to the majority of women. It is significant that nothing is said in this volume of home-work, the work of women in the house, though it is admitted (p. 93) that the largest demand for women's labour is in the department of "household service." A page or two devoted to "domestic subjects" in connexion with the teaching profession comprises all the notice that is deemed necessary of the important subject of cookery. In the chapter on the "cultured branches" of women's work much too rosy a view is given of women's work in literature and journalism, and the two or three pages on "Music and Painting" are singularly inept and illogical.

New editions we have of Mr. HENRY CRAIK'S *Life of Swift*, in two volumes (Macmillan & Co.); *Reminiscences of Yarrow* (Selkirk: Lewis & Son), by the late Rev. Dr. JAMES RUSSELL, with Preface by PROFESSOR CAMPBELL FRASER, edited by the late Professor JOHN VEITCH, and illustrated by Tom Scott; and *Alice of the Inn*, a Tale of the old Coaching Days, by JOHN W. SHERER, C.S.I. (Allen & Co.)

Under the title *Noble Womanhood* (S.P.C.K.) Mr. G. BARNETT SMITH has compiled brief, readable sketches of the lives of the Princess Alice, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Sister Dora, Elizabeth Fry, Frances R. Havergal, Louisa May

Alcott, and Mrs. Hemans. *A Doctor in Difficulties*, by F. C. PHILIPS (Ward & Downey), is a short story with hardly a trace of the "cynic vein" characteristic of the author, yet showing no lack of his wonted skill. The Doctor's "difficulties" are brought about by his marriage with a singer and dancer, whose music-hall friends, by the way, are humorously sketched, and are not solved until the last scene and pathetic sequel of the story. Mr. CUTHBERT HADDEN'S *Are You Married?* (Glasgow: Morison Brothers) and Mr. SIDNEY MILL'S *New Light on Love, Courtship, and Marriage* (Belfast: Belfast Publishing Co.) are books that may fairly be coupled. Mr. Hadden's book is the more sententious, and therefore, in our opinion, the more tolerable. Both books comprise anecdotes and quotations from many authors. Mr. Mill's historical illustrations ought not to have included one that refers to eminent persons yet living by their proper names, and the offence is not mitigated by quoting in full, on the plea of "accuracy," a mawkish article from an American paper.

We have also received Lean's *Royal Navy List* for the current quarter (Witherby & Co.); *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Conference* held in Ottawa 1894 (Ottawa: Dawson); *The Reform of Our State Governments*, by GAMALIEL BRADFORD (Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science); *Fruit Culture for Profit*, by C. B. WHITEHEAD (S.P.C.K.); *Spokes in the Wheel of Life*, addresses to young men, by the Rev. C. G. GRIFFINHOPE, M.A. (S.P.C.K.); *God's Flowers*, by Mrs. GARLING DRURY (Clifton: Baker); *Our Babble*, a "coloured magazine for boys and girls," edited by Dr. BARNARDO; and Nos. 2 and 3 of "Dicks's English Library," comprising stories by Dumas, Harrison Ainsworth, Lever, Gerald Griffin, with illustrations by Cruikshank and others.

We beg leave to state that we cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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